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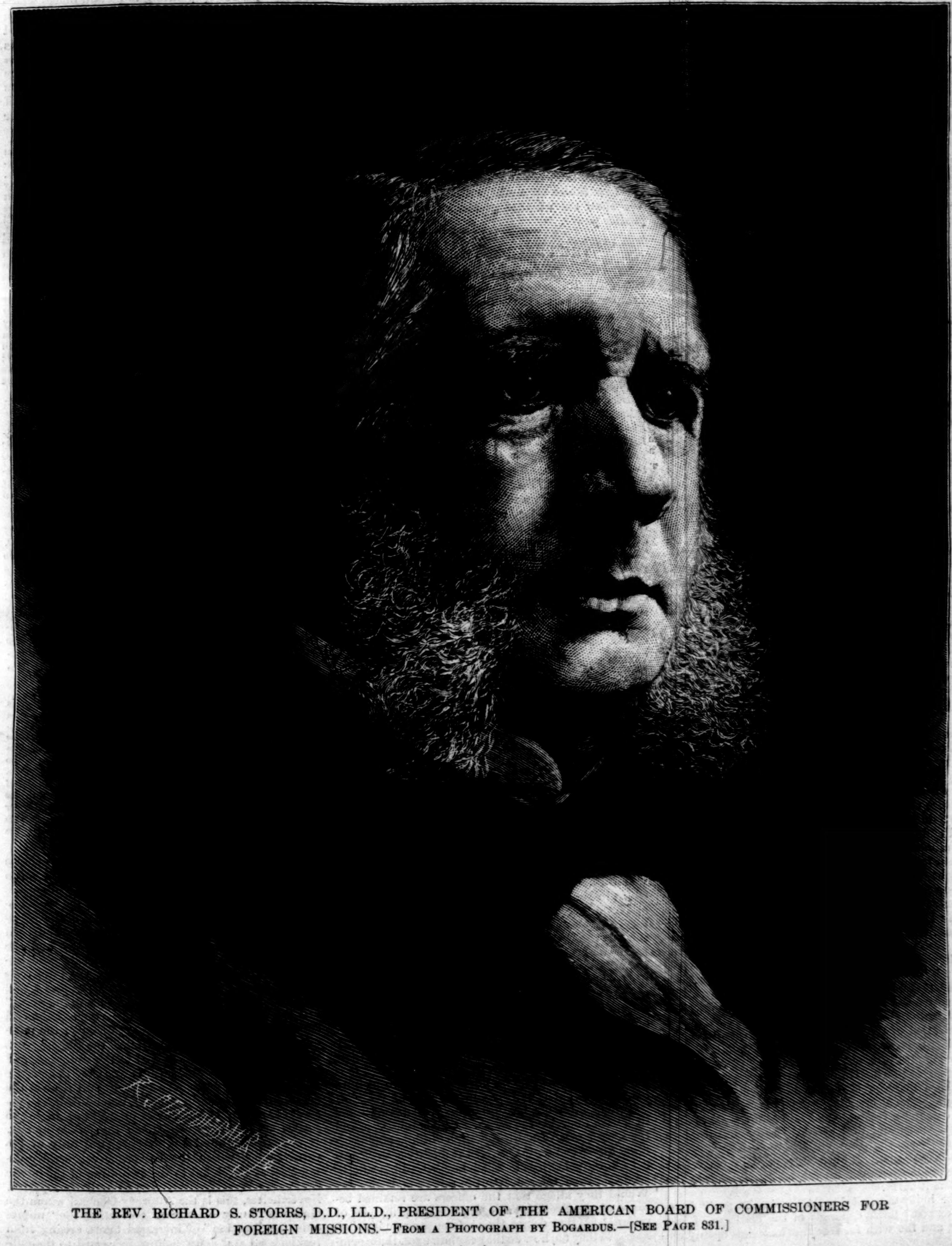

THE REV. RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS.—[SEE PAGE 831.]

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No. 1713.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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THE NEW STATES.

WHEN the newly elected Governors of the two Dakotas, Montana, and Washington shall have notified the President of the result of the late elections, he will issue a proclamation announcing their admission to the Union. The event will be unprecedented. Since the adoption of the Constitution four States have never entered the Union together. It is not a proud recollection for a free republic that during the first half of the century the cardinal consideration in the admission of new States was the preservation of an equal balance between slave States and free States. In 1850 the admission of California gave the preponderance to freedom, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise which followed marked the opening of the final struggle between the two fundamental forces of our earlier politics. The admission of new States now involves no such vital consideration, and the event of this year has excited little other emotion than proud satisfaction in the vast and extending empire of freedom. It affects, without changing, the relative present situation of parties in Congress, and it increases the electoral vote in a way to diminish the importance of the "doubtful States."

The immediate consequences of the admission of the new States will be the increase of the Union to forty-two States, while men are not old who remember when it was composed of twenty-four. It will advance the number of Senators from seventy-six to eighty-four, and of Representatives from three hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and thirty, and the number of electoral votes from four hundred and one to four hundred and fourteen. Party divisions will be emphasized in Congress, the Republicans securing forty-five of the eighty-four Senators, and one hundred and sixty-eight of the three hundred and thirty Representatives. The presumption is that the Republicans also will gain electoral votes. The general result, therefore, is favorable to continued Republican ascendency. Every branch of the government is in Republican hands, and having complete power, they have also exclusive responsibility. The distinctive tenet of the party is high protection. Reform in the civil service, which was the vehement protestation of the platform and the promise of the Presidential candidate, no honest Republican will seriously allege to be the actual policy of the administration or the active purpose of the party. The Southern question is one upon which there is no party agreement or policy. The platforms and orators demand a free vote and fair count, which every honest American citizen desires. But neither orators nor platforms show how either is to be secured by national legislation. It must be assumed, however, that some proposition upon the subject will be made by the dominant party.

The indications of dissent within the party from the extreme tariff demands of the platform of last year, and the wish for free raw materials openly expressed by important interests in the party, suggest the possibility of serious modifications in the Senate tariff scheme of last year. The fact, also, that in great manufacturing centres the tariff revision, or anti-protection, vote was stronger last year than ever cannot have escaped the attention of intelligent protectionists. Moreover, that the provision of a home market is not a conclusive argument for a high tariff with the agricultural interest is constantly more evident, while the fact that a high tariff is not necessarily accompanied with abundant and highly paid employment is emphasized by daily experience. These are all warnings which sagacious leaders in the party of administration cannot safely disregard. But another copious source of party weakness is the party leadership. At no period in its history were the familiar and active leaders of the Republican party men of so little moral conscience as now. The secession of intelligence and patriotism, of youthful sincerity and ardor, from the Republican ranks is not made up by accessions from the other side. The Republican chiefs of a former day who still remain and cherish the great party traditions are not the "bosses" to whom the President practically surrenders, and who rule the party councils in their States. These older chiefs live in the story of the past. But they cannot persuade themselves that the present of Quay and Mahone and Clarkson and Platt and Dudley is glorious; nor can they deny that these and such as these are the effective party leaders of to-day. It is under such circumstances that the admission of the new States strengthens the Republican party. We shall see whether greater wisdom comes with greater power.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLEDGES.

In commenting upon the opening address at the late annual meeting of the Civil Service Reform League in Philadelphia, the *Press* and the *Ledger*, with a personal kindness of tone which is heartily reciprocated, point to the fact that the chief national officers in that city have not been removed, to show the untruthfulness of the assertion that the knowledge of every citizen in his own community attests the recreancy of the President to his pledges. These journals, however, would hardly deny that the President has practically surrendered "the patronage" in Pennsylvania to Mr. Quay, and that appointments have been made in the State which are not only violations of the express pledges of the President and the party, but some of which, as in the case of Tanner, were made in deference to Mr. Quay, and in disregard of statements that should have been heeded. If this be so, the fact that the Postmaster or other officers in Philadelphia have not yet been removed does not invalidate the statement of the address. These friendly journals, we think, would hardly cite the fact that certain officers have not been removed in Philadelphia as evidence that the removal of officers elsewhere does not show the President's infidelity to his pledges. Admitting that officers are still unremoved in Philadelphia, is it necessary that every officer in the service must be displaced before it can be truly said that the President has broken his pledge? Do these papers seriously allege that the retention for seven months of the officers to whom they allude shows either that they will be permanently retained upon their merits, or that their retention is an illustration of the general course of the President, or that in any degree it allays the apprehension of honest and capable Democrats in the service?

In view of the unquestionable facts, and admitting, as the address did, that every executive act was not censurable, it seems to us that such statements as those of the *Press* and *Ledger* are not arguments but quibbles. The charge against the President is that he has violated his pledges, not everywhere and in every case, but in general; and that in consequence of that violation there is alarm throughout the service in Philadelphia, where officers are thus far retained, as in New York, where they have been wantonly and arbitrarily dismissed. The alarm is due to the fact of wholesale and incessant partisan removals; to the fact that in appointments to every grade and department fitness and not party service is *not* the essential and discriminating test, as the President said it should be; that fidelity and efficiency are *not* the only sure tenure of office, as the President said they should be; and that the interest of the public service alone does *not* suggest removals from office, as the President said it should. The knowledge of every citizen in his own community assures him of these facts, and if his postmaster is not yet removed, it is not because of the general fidelity of the President to his pledges, but usually, as in the case of the New York appointments, because of quarrels among those who wish to divide the spoils. Unless the *Press* and the *Ledger* mean that the retention of Philadelphia officers for seven months proves the fidelity of the President to the principles to which he pledged his administration, then reference to the retention is useless. Would they allege that the officers are retained because of the President's regard for the principles of reform? If they do not, then reference again is pointless. If they do, how do they explain upon those principles the appointment of Mr. Van Cott as Postmaster and Mr. Willis as Naval Officer in New York? Do they think that the one sets off the other; that fidelity here condones infidelity there? But did they think and say four years ago, as we did not, that the appointment of Mr. Pearson in New York condoned that of Higgins in Baltimore? Or are they willing to assert, despite the profuse reform promises and pledges of the Republican platform and candidate, that there is one single act of President Harrison so significant of reform as President Cleveland's reappointment of Mr. Pearson?

The *Press* and the *Ledger* accuse the address of a lack of candor and truthfulness, and they endeavor to establish the charge, not by showing that the President has generally observed his pledges to respect the principles of reform, which, in our judgment, cannot be done, but by pointing to certain offices where he has not yet violated them. Is this an illustration of candor? Does this prove the accusation of general abandonment of pledges to be unfounded? Does this retention thus far of the Postmaster in Philadelphia condone the ruthless and cruel proscription in the fourth-class post-offices? To our friends of the *Press* and *Ledger* we commend the unanswerable words of Mr. Bonaparte in his remarkable paper read after the opening address:

> "We can make no bargain with iniquity [that is, the violation of solemn personal pledges, and the disregard of universally acknowledged principles of official duty]. We ask, and ask only, that the public trustees shall do their duty; not the half, or any other fraction, but the whole of their duty; not that they do it here and there, or now and then, but that they do it everywhere and always; and we can and will be satisfied with no less. To tell us, in extenuation of this unfit appointment or that unjust removal, that elsewhere the guilty officer has done what he ought to have done here, is no more to the point than obedience to the eighth commandment would justify a breach of the seventh. And in dealing with such an officer we must see to it that he knows what we think of him. Believe me, such as he are not to be gained over to righteousness by soft words, or tender silence, or diplomacy in any form. They will never love us, do what we may; but they will and do shrink from hearing us tell them what in truth they are. No spoilsman, however hardened, is really indifferent when he hears: 'You are faithless to your trust, and false to your oath of office; your motives are unworthy, your excuses mere sophistry; and however much you may stultify your conscience or deceive your neighbors, you know in your heart that you are not an honest man.'"

ECONOMY AS A STATE ISSUE.

Governor Hill, in a recent speech at Delhi, dilated upon the extravagance of the legislative appropriations of last year, for which he could find no excuse. It seemed to him a wild and wanton waste of what is called upon the stump "the people's money." And the obvious way of restraining such extravagance, according to the Governor, is to support the party of the Governor, who vetoed the reckless bills, and who has selected proper candidates to enforce economy in State expenditures. Let us look at these candidates of economy whom the Governor has selected for us. One of them is Mr. Wemple, the present Comptroller. What is his record as a vigilant and economical officer? Last year the ceiling scandals at Albany, involving a swindling waste of the public money, were investigated by a special committee. Four Democratic members united with the Republican in a report which stated that

> "We are of the opinion that the Comptroller of the State is guilty of negligence in paying to the contractor amounts largely in excess of that to which he was entitled by the terms of his contract until the work should be finally accepted on the part of the State. And while, under the method under which his work was done, he was not required accurately to determine the value of the work performed or materials furnished, he was clearly under obligations, as disbursing officer of the State, to know the amount of money paid under the contract, and is clearly charged with the duty of retaining in his hands, until its final accounting, two per cent. of the contract price. This he failed to do, as there remains in his hands but $40,428, instead of $54,030, as required by the contract."

This is the officer whom Governor Hill exhorts us to re-elect, in order to rebuke extravagant waste of the public money.

The duty of the Attorney-General of the State under this report was clear. A committee of the Legislature reported that the public Treasury had been plundered, and pointed out the offenders and the methods. "The facts thus far reported," said another committee, "are by no means the only ones justifying the finding that Andrews, Sullivan, and Snaith combined to defraud the people of the State," and the committee urged that the Attorney-General should prosecute the offenders, "to recover the moneys of which they have despoiled the State." But the Attorney-General was deaf to the summons, and he continued to be deaf until it was time to consider a renomination. Then he brought suit against the contractor. Now, whatever his official course showed, it did not show remarkable interest in bringing to justice culprits who had stolen the public money. It showed profound indifference, not only to the extravagance which the Governor vehemently denounced at Delhi, but to the swindling of the public Treasury which the legislative committees reported. Nevertheless, this is the Attorney-General whom the Governor, hotly bent upon correcting the "unprecedented situation" of increased taxes, arising from recklessness and extravagance in regard to the public money, urges us to support as a step toward greater economy and more vigilant care of the Treasury. The Governor is a practical wag. His politics have advanced from the pea-nut to the *bouffe* stage. It is Sancho Panza statesmanship—economy "over the left."

The Governor's party has renominated as special watch-dogs of the Treasury the officers whose negligence of the public money is demonstrated. The opposing party has refused to renominate its members who were implicated in the ceiling robberies. The situation is simple, and the Governor's fervent denunciations of extravagant disregard of "the people's money" by his wicked opponents, as an argument in favor of his own candidates, is in the best vein of modern political comedy. The *Staats-Zeitung*, a powerful and progressive Democratic journal, thinks, however, that the possible national results of the defeat of the Governor's candidates will have greater weight with Democrats than disgust with the Governor's control. This seems to mean that for some ulterior reason, such as revision of the tariff, they may prefer to strengthen a control of their party which they think most harmful to it. The better rule of action, it seems to us, is to vote always, first, to secure honest government, and second, to promote a particular policy. A sensible party leadership would of course unite the two objects in making nominations. But when they are not united, the duty of the good citizen is to rebuke the leadership, and to vote for honest government, whether his vote will aid a particular national policy or not. Support of the party is always urged as a reason for voting for unworthy candidates. Governor HILL relies, not upon a record of official devotion to honest government, but upon the assertion, "I am a Democrat." But if the Governor be distinctively a Democrat, who can be anxious to bear the name?

MR. BLAINE AND THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

THE election of Mr. BLAINE as President of the Pan-American Congress was a very natural event, and his speech of welcome was felicitous and suitable. It was wisely confined to pleasant and picturesque generalities. It assumed nothing but good feeling, and suggested nothing but harmony. Like other diplomatic utterances, it was intended to say nothing of importance, and it said nothing with grace and skill. The Secretary's election as President, if permissible for one who is not a member of the Congress, was a natural compliment to the foreign Minister of the greatest of the American states, and the one by whose invitation the Congress is assembled. Moreover, Mr. BLAINE has chosen the more intimate relation of all the American states as his peculiar field. His activity during his brief tenure of the Secretaryship of State under President GARFIELD was mainly in this direction. His official correspondence upon the MONROE doctrine, and his official action in the contest between Chili and Peru, with his apparent interest in certain South American commercial enterprises, all indicated the strong bent of his mind, and it was to him that the original project of such a general Congress of American States as is now assembled was due.

It is therefore only proper that he should have the personal prominence in the Congress which is allotted to him. He is in every way more interested in its results than any other person. Since the inauguration of the President, Mr. BLAINE has been singularly passive. Those who supposed that he would practically direct the administration were mistaken. Whether his course has been his own choice, or the President was jealous of the assumed ascendency of the Secretary, is not known. However that may be, it is very evident that Mr. TANNER has been a much more conspicuous figure in the administration than Mr. BLAINE. But with the assembly of the Congress, and as its President, Mr. BLAINE becomes the most prominent public figure. If its results should be unimportant, it would be a very serious blow to his prestige. If it should effect important and beneficial changes in the relations of the American states, the Congress would be the memorable political event of his career. The London *Times* is of opinion that "if the delegates go home pleased with their hosts, impressed by the magnitude of the country, and anxious to revisit it in 1892 when the World's Fair will be held in New York, the Pan-American Congress will have done as much as can be reasonably expected." That, however, would be hardly enough for the author of the Congress. The purpose was not merely to cultivate an abstract sentiment of continental sympathy, and to fall upon South American shoulders with fervent protestations of fraternity. It was not a sentimental, nor a political, but a commercial interest which has assembled the Congress.

Some form of commercial reciprocity is the object, and, as we have heretofore indicated, this must inevitably open the whole question of protection. Some of the South American delegates have come undoubtedly with "their eyes open." Those from Chili cannot forget the attitude of the United States as expressed by Secretary BLAINE in his action during the Peruvian war. Those from the Argentine Republic perfectly understand the wool question, and will gladly enter into arrangements by which their enormous production of raw material can be turned to their greater advantage. But just how such arrangements can be effected with a country which excludes wool by high duties, they may not be able to perceive. There has been practically very little community of interests between North and South America. There is almost no social intercourse. There is very little knowledge in this country even of the degree of civilization in the other half of the continent. It sends us no books, and we have no current knowledge of its politics or conditions. But, nevertheless, it produces accomplished men, close students of affairs, and its industries are of very great importance. Its interests will be represented in the Congress by delegates who are peers of our own, and it seems highly improbable that serious results can be achieved by the Congress without concessions upon our part which can be hardly expected.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE appointment of SETH LOW as the President of Columbia College is an event of the highest importance for the institution and of the best augury for this community. The college was never in a more promising or prosperous condition, and never a more positive force. The progressive and liberalizing influence of the late President is unquestionable, and the chief need of the college in its present happy condition is an executive guidance in perfect sympathy with the best modern spirit, but a guidance wise, prudent, considerate, directed by sound judgment and enforced with firmness and vigor.

This has been secured by this fortunate appointment. Mr. LOW combines in an unusual degree scholarly tastes and sympathies and admirable cultivation with remarkable judgment, wide practical knowledge, and great and valuable experience in public affairs and administration. The head of an American university, to the intellectual requirements and proper attainments for the office, must now add the personal qualities and accomplishments which befit the official representative of higher education in a community especially devoted to material interests, and the administrative skill which cannot be assumed in the mere scholar or pedagogue.

This is the distinction of the more eminent among our later college presidents, and the marked and obvious advance of the college in public estimation and influence is contemporaneous with its appearance. They are generally men in the prime of life and of mental and moral power, and they direct the various great interests of a university with an ability like that of the great captains of trade. It is a career worthy of the best equipped American citizen, and Mr. LOW'S appointment is an event upon which New York may be truly congratulated, because it will tend to assert still more forcibly the dignity and the value of intellectual training with large and liberal aims.

MR. CHILDS AT WEST POINT.

THE late gift of the portraits of GRANT, SHERMAN, and SHERIDAN are not the only benefactions of Mr. CHILDS to the West Point Academy, as the following letter shows:

"The visitor to the beautiful cemetery of the Military Academy, on the hill-side overlooking the Hudson, at West Point, will see there, above the graves of officers and cadets, a number of monuments which are all of the same original and striking design. The massive base of each is of gray unpolished granite; on that rests a block of red granite, polished, and on that a bronze cannon-ball of about fifteen inches diameter; on that, again, is placed a large bronze shield, at the top of which is the insignia of the rank of him to whose memory it is erected; below that are the name, dates of birth and of death, and an appropriate epitaph. These monuments are all the gift of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, and how they came there is told by Colonel WILSON, the present Superintendent of the Military Academy.

"In 1887 Mr. CHILDS was appointed by President CLEVELAND president of the Board of Visitors to West Point, and during his extended visit there, in the discharge of his duties, he saw in the cemetery of the academy several graves above which no memorials were erected. Mr. CHILDS suggested to General MERRITT, the then Superintendent, who entirely sympathized with his generous design, that efforts should be made to ascertain from the friends of those whose graves were marked by no stone if it was their purpose to erect monuments above them, and if not, to obtain their consent to Mr. CHILDS doing so. The result was that the above-described monuments were placed in the cemetery, Mr. CHILDS having had the design of them especially made, and paying the entire cost of their construction and erection. Mr. CHILDS is the author of many good gifts, but we know of no other which so much as this denotes the gentle, kindly nature of the man.

"It may not be generally known that SUSAN WARNER, the author of *The Wide, Wide World*, is buried in the cemetery of the Military Academy. The memorial erected to her memory is a simple marble shaft, on one side of which is the following dedication: 'In trust, for a few of the friends that loved her, her sister has placed this stone. *Auf Wiedersehen.*'"

MISCONCEPTIONS.

THE Washington *Star* says that to state that neither party, as such, is a reform party, is to take sides with the spoilsmen and to promote the repeal of the reform law. But when in 1883 the reform law was passed by a great majority of the votes of both parties, does the *Star* think that either party was a reform party? Why, then, did the bill pass? Because of the consciousness both of Republican and Democratic members of Congress that there was a public opinion favorable to reform not confined to either party, and not controlling either, but of a quality and force not safely to be disregarded.

Does the *Star* think that that opinion is weaker now than it was then? On the contrary, does it not agree with us that it is very much more powerful? That is the reason that the law will not be repealed; not that party leaders on either side like it, not that it is in any proper sense a party policy, but because in both parties, although not in their leadership, there is a strong and constantly increasing reform sentiment. No observant and well-informed man will deny it.

When the *Star* says

> "the public does not believe that the Republican press, Republican clubs, Republican President, and the whole Republican party are violators of pledges, spoilsmen, and corruptionists,"

it implies an allegation which has not been made. Nobody has denied that there are able and important Republican journals and leaders that deplore the abandonment of the platform. They are the signs of the sentiment in the party of which we speak. But if the *Star* intends by its generalization to assert that the declaration of the platform that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all appointments," or that of the President that "in appointments to every grade and department fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office," and that "only the interest of the public service should suggest removals from office," has in general governed the course of the administration, the *Star* must be aware that its assertion is contrary to notorious facts. If, for instance, the *Star* thinks that the action of the Post-office Department, which is the great patronage branch of the government, is conformed to the platform and the President's pledges, it would be interesting to know what it would consider to be making spoil of the public service.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL ALDACE F. WALKER, chairman of the Inter-State Railway Association, is a strapping six-foot Vermonter, of unusual executive ability. He was a leading New England railroad lawyer when President CLEVELAND made him a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and left that tribunal for his present position, one of the best paid railroad places in the country. Colonel WALKER was graduated from Middlebury (Vermont) College in 1861, and was made the hero of his Commencement by an incident that illustrates his character. The war fever was running high, and young WALKER, then only twenty years old, had organized a company of soldiers in Bridport, a town twelve miles from the college. On Commencement morning he rode out to drill his command, and in returning he reached the old Middlebury church just in time to throw his bridle over a post and walk up the broad aisle in his uniform as his oration was announced. The sight of the uniform and the shoulder-straps adorning it set the patriotism of the audience boiling, and the young soldier was accorded a greater ovation than any other speaker received that day.

—The successful career of FREDERIC C. PENFIELD, managing director of the Gatling-gun Company (Limited) in London, is a good illustration of what American push and "nerve," accompanied by a quick comprehension of opportunity, may accomplish. About four years ago Mr. PENFIELD was city editor of the Hartford (Connecticut) *Courant* on a salary of $25 a week, and left his desk to become Vice-Consul-General at London under ex-Governor WALLER. He resigned this office to assume the financial management of the so-called American Exposition in the British metropolis, and under his guidance the enterprise made money. After a year or two he returned to Hartford, engineered the sale of all European rights in the Gatling-gun to London capitalists, formed a company in England with $5,000,000 capital, and at the close of the transaction was owner of one-seventh of the company's stock. Although a young man, Mr. PENFIELD is now rich. He belongs to the Royal Thames Yacht Club, owns a steam-yacht, and cherishes plans for a forty-ton boat, which, combining the best principles of American and British yacht science, may outsail all the craft on the other side next season, and possibly cross the Atlantic for a brush with our crack sailors. With all his success, Mr. PENFIELD remains a thorough American, and has lost none of the geniality which characterized him as a Hartford newspaper man.

—Queen VICTORIA is said to have real estate investments in New York which pay her a handsome income.

—Our postal system is undergoing examination by WILLIAM BELL, an official of the British Post-office. Mr. BELL compliments the United States mail inspectors by saying that they are able here to complete in a week or two an examination which requires a month in England. He also expresses surprise that inspectors and mail clerks are carried free of charge by the railway companies. English postal employés pay full travelling rates, and charge their expenses to the government, which reimburses all such outlay.

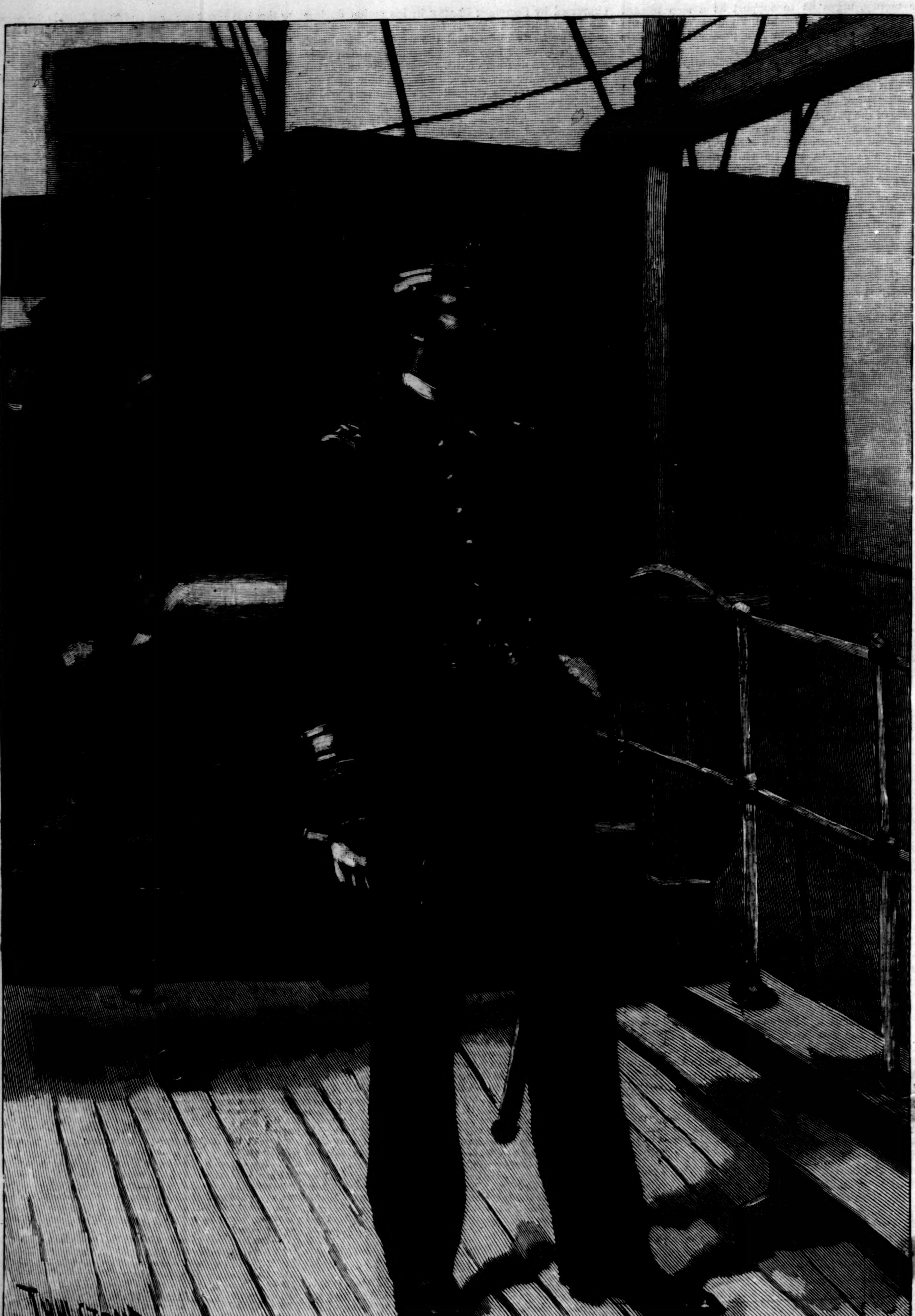
—The efforts that are being made to induce OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES to write his autobiography do not seem likely to be crowned with success. Since his wife's death he is disinclined to sustained work, and pleads that his books tell as much of himself as he wishes the public to know. He desires to do no more work except that which he has already promised, or, as he recently said to a friend, "I have sold all my unmown grass."

—The statement that the music and words of the German national hymn are of French origin has created a stir among patriotic Germans. SULLY, the composer of the first French operas, wrote the music, and the text was the work of Madame DE BRINON. At the accession to the throne of GEORGE I. of England, HANDEL arranged SULLY'S music to a translation of the French words, and thus gave the English their present national hymn, "God save the Queen."

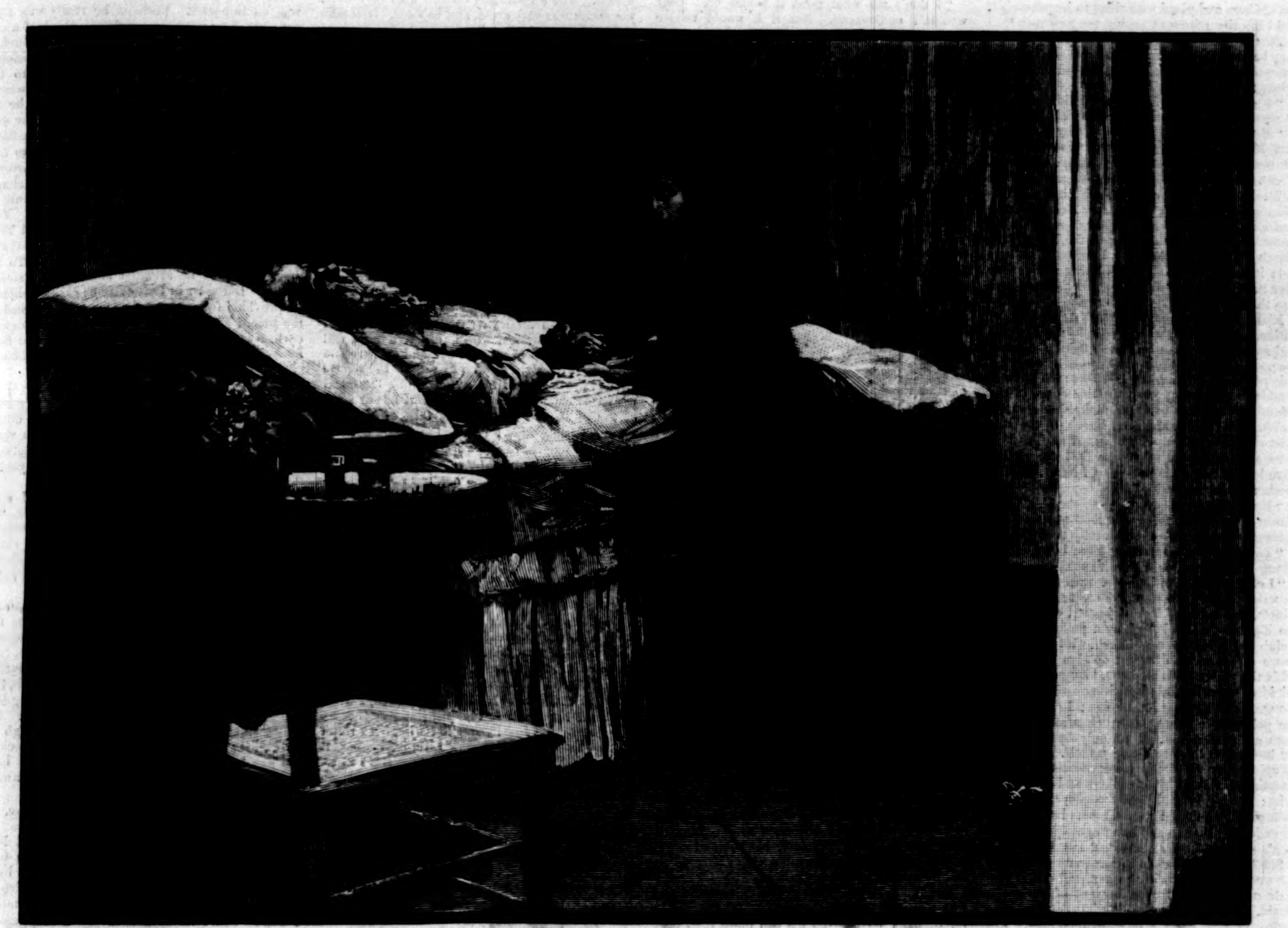
—The widow of the Crown-Prince RUDOLPH of Austria, the Archduchess STEPHANIE, is now at Ischl, where she lives in close retirement, accompanied by a very small suite. The young widow's only ornament in the way of jewelry is a locket containing a miniature of her little daughter. To this child, who is said to bear a strong resemblance to her unhappy father, the archduchess writes daily.

—The laying of the second line of rails to the western frontier of Russia greatly increases the capacity of that country for massing troops on the German borders. This step has been taken at the instance of General OBRUTCHEFF, the Chief of the General Staff of the Russian army, and in direct opposition to the views of the Minister of Finance. It is said that one hundred and forty-four thousand tons of rails and three hundred locomotives have been ordered to be delivered next spring.

—An apparent refutation of the generally accepted theory that cigarette smoking is injurious is furnished by Dr. J. D. MONCURE, a well-known citizen of Richmond, Virginia. He is about fifty years old, six feet tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and vigorous. Yet he has smoked cigarettes ever since he was fourteen, inhaling the smoke of each one, and sometimes consuming over one hundred in a day. Now he uses about twenty daily. He learned to smoke at the early age of four and a half years, when his father gave him a strong cigar, hoping that the child's experience with it would cure him of all future desire to form the habit.



ADMIRAL PORTER IN 1865.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 831.]



"SHE HELD CLASPED BETWEEN HER HANDS THE HAND OF THE DYING MAN."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

VI.

In the cares which Mrs. March shared with her husband that night she was supported partly by principle, but mainly by the potent excitement which bewildered Conrad's family and took all reality from what had happened. It was nearly midnight when the Marches left them and walked away toward the elevated station with Fulkerson. Everything had been done, by that time, that could be done; and Fulkerson was not without that satisfaction in the business-like despatch of all the details, which attends each step in such an affair, and helps to make death tolerable even to the most sorely stricken. We are creatures of the moment; we live from one little space to another; and only one interest at a time fills these. Fulkerson was cheerful when they got into the street, almost gay; and Mrs. March experienced a rebound from her depression which she felt that she ought not to have experienced. But she condoned the offence a little in herself, because her husband remained so constant in his gravity; and pending the final accounting he must make her for having been where he could be of so much use from the first instant of the calamity, she was tenderly, gratefully proud of all the use he had been to Conrad's family, and especially his miserable old father. To her mind March was the principal actor in the whole affair, and much more important in having seen it than those who had suffered in it. In fact, he had suffered incomparably.

"Well, well," said Fulkerson. "They'll get along now. We've done all *we* could, and there's nothing left but for them to bear it. Of course it's awful, but I guess it 'll come out all right. I mean," he added, "they'll pull through now."

"I suppose," said March, "that nothing is put on us that we can't bear. But I should think," he went on, musingly, "that when God sees what we poor finite creatures *can* bear, hemmed round with this eternal darkness of death, He must respect us."

"Basil!" said his wife. But in her heart she drew nearer to him for the words she thought she ought to rebuke him for.

"Oh, I know," he said, "we school ourselves to despise human nature. But God did not make us despicable, and I say whatever end He meant us for, He must have some such thrill of joy in our adequacy to fate as a father feels when his son shows himself a man. When I think what we can be if we must, I can't believe the least of us shall finally perish."

"Oh, I reckon the Almighty won't scoop any of us," said Fulkerson, with a piety of his own.

"That poor boy's father!" sighed Mrs. March. "I can't get his face out of my sight. He looked so much worse than death."

"Oh, death doesn't look bad," said March. "It's life that looks so in its presence. Death is peace and pardon. I only wish poor old Lindau was as well out of it as Conrad, there."

"Ah, Lindau! He has done harm enough," said Mrs. March. "I hope he will be careful after this."

March did not try to defend Lindau against her theory of the case, which inexorably held him responsible for Conrad's death.

"Lindau's going to come out all right, I guess," said Fulkerson. "He was first-rate when I saw him at the hospital to-night." He whispered in March's ear, at a chance he got in mounting the station stairs: "I didn't like to tell you there at the house, but I guess you'd better know. They had to take Lindau's arm off near the shoulder. Smashed all to pieces by the clubbing."

In the house, vainly rich and foolishly unfit for them, the bereaved family whom the Marches had just left lingered together, and tried to get strength to part for the night. They were all spent with the fatigue that comes from heaven to such misery as theirs, and they sat in a torpor in which each waited for the other to move, to speak.

Christine moved, and Mela spoke. Christine rose and went out of the room without saying a word, and they heard her going upstairs. Then Mela said, "I reckon the rest of us better be goun' too, father. Here, let's git mother started."

She put her arm round her mother, to lift her from her chair, but the old man did not stir, and Mela called Mrs. Mandel from the next room. Between them they raised her to her feet.

"Ain't there anybody a-goin' to set up with it?" she asked, in her hoarse pipe. "It appears like folks hain't got any feelin's in New York. Woon't some o' the neighbors come and offer to set up, without waitin' to be asked?"

"Oh, that's all right, mother. The men 'll attend to that. Don't you bother any," Mela coaxed, and she kept her arm round her mother, with tender patience.

"Why, Mely, child! I can't feel right to have it left to hirelin's, so. But there ain't anybody any more to see things done as they ought. If Coonrod was on'y here—"

"Well, mother, you *are* pretty mixed!" said Mela, with a strong tendency to break into her large guffaw. But she checked herself and said, "I know just how you feel, though. It keeps a-comun' and a-goun'; and it's so and it ain't so, all at once; that's the plague of it. Well, father! Ain't you goun' to come?"

"I'm goin' to stay, Mela," said the old man, gently, without moving. "Get your mother to bed, that's a good girl."

"You goin' to set up with him, Jacob?" asked the old woman.

"Yes, 'Liz'beth, I'll set up. You go to bed."

"Well, I will, Jacob. And I believe it 'll do you good to set up. I wished I could set up with you; but I don't seem to have the stren'th I did when the twins died. I must git my sleep, so's to— I don't like very well to have you broke of your rest, Jacob, but there don't appear to be anybody else. You wouldn't have to do it if Coonrod was here. There I go ag'in! Mercy! mercy!"

"Well, do come along, then, mother," said Mela; and she got her out of the room, with Mrs. Mandel's help, and up the stairs.

From the top the old woman called down: "You tell Coonrod—" She stopped, and he heard her groan out, "My Lord! my Lord!"

He sat, one silence in the dining-room, where they had all lingered together, and in the library beyond the hireling watcher sat, another silence. The time passed, but neither moved, and the last noise in the house ceased, so that they heard each other breathe, and the vague, remote rumor of the city invaded the inner stillness. It grew louder toward morning, and then Dryfoos knew from the watcher's deeper breathing that he had fallen into a doze.

He crept by him to the drawing-room, where his son was; the place was full of the awful sweetness of the flowers that Fulkerson had brought, and that lay above the pulseless breast. The old man turned up a burner in the chandelier, and stood looking on the majestic serenity of the dead face.

He could not move when he saw his wife coming down the stairway in the hall. She was in her long white flannel bed-gown, and the candle she carried shook with her nervous tremor. He thought she might be walking in her sleep, but she said, quite simply, "I woke up, and I couldn't git to sleep ag'in without comin' to have a look." She stood beside their dead son with him. "Well, he's beautiful, Jacob. He was the prettiest baby! And he was always good, Coonrod was; I'll say that for him. I don't believe he ever give me a minute's care in his whole life. I reckon I liked him about the best of all the childern; but I don't know as I ever done much to show it. But you was always good to him, Jacob; you always done the best for him, ever since he was a little feller. I used to be afraid you'd spoil him sometimes in them days; but I guess you're glad now for every time you didn't cross him. I don't suppose since the twins died you ever hit him a lick." She stooped and peered closer at the face. "Why, Jacob, what's that there by his pore eye?"

Dryfoos saw it too, the wound that he had feared to look for, and that now seemed to redden on his sight. He broke into a low, wavering cry, like a child's in despair, like an animal's in terror, like a soul's in the anguish of remorse.

VII.

The evening after the funeral, while the Marches sat together talking it over, and making approaches, through its shadow, to the question of their own future, which it involved, they were startled by the twitter of the electric bell at their apartment door. It was really not so late as the children's having gone to bed made it seem; but at nine o'clock it was too late for any probable visitor except Fulkerson. It might be he, and March was glad to postpone the impending question to his curiosity concerning the immediate business Fulkerson might have with him. He went himself to the door, and confronted there a lady deeply veiled in black, and attended by a very decorous serving-woman.

"Are you alone, Mr. March—you and Mrs. March?" asked the lady, behind her veil; and as he hesitated, she said, "You don't know me! Miss Vance"; and she threw back her veil, showing her face wan and agitated in the dark folds. "I am very anxious to see you—to speak with you both. May I come in?"

"Why, certainly, Miss Vance," he answered, still too much stupefied by her presence to realize it.

She promptly entered, and saying, with a glance at the hall chair by the door, "My maid can sit here?" followed him to the room where he had left his wife.

Mrs. March showed herself more capable of coping with the fact. She welcomed Miss Vance with the liking they both felt for the girl, and with the sympathy which her troubled face inspired.

"I won't tire you with excuses for coming, Mrs. March," she said, "for it was the only thing left for me to do; and I come at my aunt's suggestion." She added this as if it would help to account for her more on the conventional plane, and she had the instinctive good taste to address herself throughout to Mrs. March as much as possible, though what she had to say was mainly for March. "I don't know how to begin—I don't know how to speak of this terrible affair. But you know what I mean. I feel as if I had lived a whole lifetime since it—happened. I don't want you to pity me for it," she said, forestalling a politeness from Mrs. March. "I'm the last one to be thought of, and you mustn't mind me if I try to make you. I came to find out all of the truth that I can, and when I know just what that is I shall know what to do. I have read the inquest; it's all burnt into my brain. But I don't care for that—for myself: you must let me say such things without minding me. I know that your husband—that Mr. March was there; I read his testimony; and I wished to ask him—to ask him—" She stopped and looked distractedly about. "But what folly! He must have said everything he knew—he had to." Her eyes wandered to him from his wife, on whom she had kept them with instinctive tact.

"I said everything—yes," he replied. "But if you would like to know—"

"Perhaps I had better tell you something first. I had just parted with him—it couldn't have been more than half an hour—in front of Brentano's; he must have gone straight to his death. We were talking, and I—I said, Why didn't some one go among the strikers and plead with them to be peaceable, and keep them from attacking the new men? I knew that he felt as I did about the strikers; that he was their friend. Did you see—do you know anything that makes you think he had been trying to do that?"

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

"I am sorry," March began, "I didn't see him at all till—till I saw him lying dead."

"My husband was there purely by accident," Mrs. March put in. "I had begged and entreated him not to go near the striking, anywhere. And he had just got out of the car, and saw the policeman strike that wretched Lindau—he's been such an anxiety to me ever since we have had anything to do with him here; my husband knew him when he was a boy in the West. Mr. March came home from it all perfectly prostrated; it made us all sick! Nothing so horrible ever came into our lives before. I assure you it was the most shocking experience."

Miss Vance listened to her with that look of patience which those who have seen much of the real suffering of the world—the daily portion of the poor—have for the nervous woes of comfortable people. March hung his head; he knew it would be useless to protest that his share of the calamity was, by comparison, infinitesimally small.

After she had heard Mrs. March to the end even of her repetitions, Miss Vance said, as if it were a mere matter of course that she should have looked the affair up, "Yes, I have seen Mr. Lindau at the hospital—"

"My husband goes every day to see him," Mrs. March interrupted, to give a final touch to the conception of March's magnanimity throughout.

"The poor man seems to have been in the wrong at the time," said Miss Vance.

"I could almost say he had earned the right to be wrong. He's a man of the most generous instincts, and a high ideal of justice, of equity—too high to be considered by a policeman with a club in his hand," said March, with a bold defiance of his wife's different opinion of Lindau. "It's the policeman's business, I suppose, to club the ideal when he finds it inciting a riot."

"Oh, I don't blame Mr. Lindau; I don't blame the policeman; he was as much a mere instrument as his club was. I am only trying to find out how much I am to blame myself. I had no thought of Mr. Dryfoos's going there—of his attempting to talk with the strikers and keep them quiet; I was only thinking, as women do, of what I should try to do if I were a man. But perhaps he understood me to ask him to go—perhaps my words sent him to his death."

She had a sort of calm in her courage to know the worst truth as to her responsibility that forbade any wish to flatter her out of it. "I'm afraid," said March, "that is what can never be known now." After a moment he added, "But why should you wish to know? If he went there as a peace-maker, he died in a good cause, in such a way as he would wish to die, I believe."

"Yes," said the girl; "I have thought of that. But death is awful; we must not think patiently, forgivingly, of sending any one to their death in the best cause."

"I fancy life was an awful thing to Conrad Dryfoos," March replied. "He was thwarted and disappointed, without even pleasing the ambition that thwarted and disappointed him. That poor old man, his father, warped him from his simple, life-long wish to be a minister, and was trying to make a business man of him. If it will be any consolation to you to know it, Miss Vance, I can assure you that he was very unhappy, and I don't see how he could ever have been happy here."

"It won't," said the girl, steadily. "If people are born into this world, it's because they were meant to live in it. It isn't a question of being ~~happy here~~; no one is happy, in that old selfish way, or can be; but he could have been of great use."

"Perhaps he was of use in dying. Who knows? He may have been trying to silence Lindau."

"Oh, Lindau wasn't worth it!" cried Mrs. March.

Miss Vance looked at her as if she did not quite understand. Then she turned to March. "He might have been unhappy, as we all are; but I know that his life here would have had a higher happiness than we wish for or aim for." The tears began to run silently down her cheeks. "He looked strangely happy that day when he left me. He had hurt himself somehow, and his face was bleeding from a scratch; he kept his handkerchief up; he was pale, but such a *light* came into his face when we shook hands—ah, I know he went to try and do what I said!" They were all silent, while she dried her eyes and then put her handkerchief back into the pocket from which she had suddenly pulled it, with a series of vivid, young-ladyish gestures, which struck March by their incongruity with the occasion of their talk, and yet by their harmony with the rest of her elegance. "I am sorry, Miss Vance," he began, "that I can't really tell you anything more—"

"You are very kind," she said, controlling herself and rising quickly. "I thank you—thank you both very much." She turned to Mrs. March and shook hands with her and then with him. "I might have known—I did know that there wasn't anything more for you to tell. But at least I've found out from you that there *was* nothing, and now I can begin to bear what I must. How are those poor creatures—his mother and father, his sisters? Some day, I hope, I shall be ashamed to have postponed them to the thought of myself; but I can't pretend to be yet. I could not come to the funeral; I wanted to."

She addressed her question to Mrs. March, who answered: "I can understand. But they were pleased with the flowers you sent; people are, at such times, and they haven't many friends."

"Would you go to see them?" asked the girl. "Would you tell them what I've told you?"

Mrs. March looked at her husband.

"I don't see what good it would do. They wouldn't understand. But if it would relieve you—"

"I'll wait till it isn't a question of self-relief," said the girl. "Good-by!"

She left them to long debate of the event. At the end Mrs. March said, "She is a strange being; such a mixture of the society girl and the saint."

Her husband answered: "She's the potentiality of several kinds of fanatic. She's very unhappy, and I don't see how she's to be happier about that poor fellow. I shouldn't be surprised if she *did* inspire him to attempt something of that kind."

"Well, you got out of it very well, Basil. I admired the way you managed. I was afraid you'd say something awkward."

"Oh, with a plain line of truth before me, as the only possible thing, I can get on pretty well. When it comes to anything decorative, I'd rather leave it to you, Isabel."

She seemed insensible of his jest. "Of course he was in love with her. *That* was the light that came into his face when he was going to do what he thought she wanted him to do."

"And she—do you think that she was—"

"What an idea! It would have been perfectly grotesque!"

VIII.

Their affliction brought the Dryfooses into humaner relations with the Marches, who had hitherto regarded them as a necessary evil, as the odious means of their own prosperity. Mrs. March found that the women of the family seemed glad of her coming, and in the sense of her usefulness to them all, she began to feel a kindness even for Christine. But she could not help seeing that between the girl and her father there was an unsettled account, somehow, and that it was Christine and not the old man who was holding out. She thought that their sorrow had tended to refine the others. Mela was much more subdued, and except when she abandoned herself to a childish interest in her mourning, she did nothing to shock Mrs. March's taste, or to seem unworthy of her grief. She was very good to her mother, whom the blow had left unchanged, and to her father, whom it had apparently fallen upon with crushing weight. Once, after visiting their house, she described to her husband a little scene between Dryfoos and Mela, when he came home from Wall Street, and the girl meet him at the door with a kind of country simpleness, and took his hat and stick, and brought him into the room where Mrs. March sat, looking tired and broken.

She found this look of Dryfoos's pathetic, and dwelt on the sort of stupefaction there was in it; he must have loved his son more than they ever realized. "Yes," said March, "I suspect he did. He's never been about the place since that day; he was always dropping in, before, on his way uptown. He seems to go down to Wall Street every day, just as before, but I suppose that's mechanical; he wouldn't know what else to do; I dare say it's best for him. The sanguine Fulkerson is getting a little anxious about the future of *Every Other Week*. Now Conrad's gone, he isn't sure the old man will want to keep on with it, or whether he'll have to look up another Angel. He wants to get married, I imagine, and he can't venture till this point is settled."

"It's a very material point to *us*, too, Basil," said Mrs. March.

"Well, of course. I hadn't overlooked that, you may be sure. One of the things that Fulkerson and I have discussed is a scheme for buying the magazine. Its success is pretty well assured now, and I shouldn't be afraid to put money into it—if I had the money."

"I couldn't let you sell the house in Boston, Basil!"

"And I don't want to. I wish we could go back and live in it, and get the rent too! It would be quite a support. But I suppose if Dryfoos won't keep on, it must come to another Angel. I hope it won't be a literary one, with a fancy for running my department."

"Oh, I guess whoever takes the magazine will be glad enough to keep you!"

"Do you think so? Well, perhaps. But I don't believe Fulkerson would let me stand long between him and an Angel of the right description."

"Well, then, I believe he *would*. And you've never seen anything, Basil, to make you really think that Mr. Fulkerson didn't appreciate you to the utmost."

"I think I came pretty near an undervaluation in that Lindau trouble. I shall always wonder what put a backbone into Fulkerson, just at that crisis. Fulkerson doesn't strike me as the stuff of a moral hero."

"At any rate, he *was* one," said Mrs. March, "and that's quite enough for me."

March did not answer. "What a noble thing life is, anyway! Here I am, well on the way to fifty, after twenty-five years of hard work, looking forward to the potential poorhouse as confidently as I did in youth. We might have saved a little more than we have saved; but the little more wouldn't avail if I were turned out of my place now; and we should have lived sordidly to no purpose. Some one always has you by the throat, unless you have some one else in *your* grip. I wonder if that's the attitude the Almighty intended his respectable creatures to take toward one another! I wonder if He meant our civilization, the battle we fight in, the game we trick in! I wonder if He considers it final, and if the kingdom of heaven on earth, which we pray for—"

"Have you seen Lindau to-day?" Mrs. March asked.

"You inferred it from the quality of my piety?" March laughed, and then suddenly sobered. "Yes, I saw him. It's going rather hard with him, I'm afraid. The amputation doesn't heal very well; the shock was very great, and he's old. It 'll take time. There's so much pain that they have to keep him under opiates, and I don't think he fully knew me. At any rate, I didn't get my piety from him to-day."

"It's horrible! Horrible!" said Mrs. March. "I can't get over it! After losing his hand in the war, to lose his whole arm now, in *this* way! It does seem too cruel! Of course he oughtn't to have been there; we can say that. But *you* oughtn't to have been there either, Basil."

"Well, I wasn't exactly advising the police to go and club the railroad presidents."

"Neither was poor Conrad Dryfoos."

"I don't deny it. All that was distinctly the chance of life and death. That belonged to God; and no doubt it was law, though it seems chance. But what I object to is this economic chance-world in which we live, and which we men seem to have created. It ought to be law as inflexible in human affairs as the order of day and night in the physical world, that if a man will work he shall both rest and eat, and shall not be harassed with any question as to how his repose and his provision shall come. Nothing less ideal than this satisfies the reason. But in our state of things no one is secure of this. No one is sure of finding work; no one is sure of not losing it. I may have my work taken away from me at any moment by the caprice, the mood, the indigestion of a man who has not the qualification for knowing whether I do it well or ill. At my time of life—at every time of life—a man ought to feel that if he will keep on doing his duty he shall not suffer in himself or in those who are dear to him, except through natural causes. But no man can feel this as things are now; and so we go on, pushing and pulling, climbing and crawling, thrusting aside and trampling underfoot; lying, cheating, stealing; and when we get to the end, covered with blood and dirt and sin and shame, and look back over the way we've come to a palace of our own, or the poorhouse, which is about the only possession we can claim in common with our brother-men, I don't think the retrospect can be pleasing."

"I know, I know!" said his wife. "I think of those things too, Basil. Life isn't what it seems when you look forward to it. But I think people would suffer less, and wouldn't have to work so hard, and could make all reasonable provision for the future, if they were not so greedy and so foolish."

"Oh, without doubt! We can't put it all on the conditions; we must put some of the blame on character. But conditions *make* character; and people are greedy and foolish, and wish to have and to shine, because having and shining are held up to them by civilization as the chief good of life. We all know they are not the chief good, perhaps not good at all; but if some one ventures to say so, all the rest of us call him a fraud and a crank, and go moiling and toiling on to the palace or the poorhouse. We can't help it. If one were less greedy, or less foolish, some one else would have, and would shine at his expense. We don't moil and toil to ourselves alone; the palace or the poorhouse is not merely for ourselves, but for our children, whom we've brought up in the superstition that having and shining is the chief good. We dare not teach them otherwise, for fear they may falter in the fight, when it comes their turn; and the children of others will crowd them out of the palace into the poorhouse. If we felt sure that honest work shared by all would bring them honest food shared by all, some heroic few of us, who did not wish our children to rise above their fellows—though we could not bear to have them fail below—might trust them with the truth. But we have no such assurance; and so we go on trembling before Dryfooses, and living in gimcrackeries."

"Basil, Basil! I was always willing to live more simply than you. You know I was!"

"I know you always said so, my dear. But how many bell-ratchets and speaking-tubes would you be willing to have at the street door below? I remember that when we were looking for a flat you rejected every building that had a bell-ratchet or a speaking-tube, and would have nothing to do with any that had more than an electric button; you wanted a hall-boy, with electric buttons all over him. I don't blame you. I find such things quite as necessary as you do."

"And do you mean to say, Basil," she asked, abandoning this unprofitable branch of the inquiry, "that you are really uneasy about your place? that you are afraid Mr. Dryfoos may give up being an Angel, and Mr. Fulkerson may play you false?"

"Play me false? Oh, it wouldn't be playing me false. It would be merely looking out for himself, if the new Angel had editorial tastes, and wanted my place. It's what any one would do."

"*You* wouldn't do it, Basil!"

"Wouldn't I? Well, if any one offered me more salary than *Every Other Week* pays—say twice as much—what do you think my duty to my suffering family would be? It's give and take in the business world, Isabel; especially take. But as to being uneasy, I'm not, in the least. I've the spirit of a lion, when it comes to such a chance as that. When I see how readily the sensibilities of the passing stranger can be worked in New York, I think of taking up the role of that desperate man on Third Avenue, who went along looking for garbage in the gutter to eat. I think I could pick up at least twenty or thirty cents a day by that little game, and maintain my family in the affluence it's been accustomed to."

"*Basil!*" cried his wife. "You don't mean to say that man was an impostor! And I've gone about, ever since, feeling that one such case in a million, the bare possibility of it, was enough to justify all that Lindau said about the rich and the poor!"

March laughed teasingly. "Oh, I don't say he was an impostor. Perhaps he really was hungry; but if he wasn't, what do you think of a civilization that makes the opportunity of such a fraud? that gives us all such a bad conscience for the need which is, that we weaken to the need that isn't? Suppose that poor fellow wasn't personally founded on fact; nevertheless, he represented the truth; he was the ideal of the suffering which would be less effective if realistically treated. That man is a great comfort to me. He probably rioted for days on that quarter I gave him; made a dinner, very likely, or a champagne supper; and if *Every Other Week* wants to get rid of me, I intend to work that racket. You can hang round the corner with Bella, and Tom can come up to me in tears, at stated intervals, and ask me if I've found anything yet. To be sure, we might be arrested and sent up somewhere. But even in that extreme case we should be provided for. Oh no, I'm not afraid of losing my place! I've merely a sort of psychological curiosity to know how men like Dryfoos and Fulkerson will work out the problem before them."

IX.

It was a curiosity which Fulkerson himself shared, at least concerning Dryfoos. "I don't know what the old man's going to do," he said to March, the day after the Marches had talked their future over. "Said anything to you yet?"

"No, not a word."

"You're anxious, I suppose, same as I am. Fact is," said Fulkerson, blushing a little, "I can't ask to have a day named till I know where I am, in connection with the old man. I can't tell whether I've got to look out for something else, or somebody else. Of course, it's full soon yet."

"Yes," March said, "much sooner than it seems to us. We're so anxious about the future that we don't remember how very recent the past is."

"That's something so. The old man's hardly had time yet to pull himself together. Well, I'm glad you feel that way about it, March. I guess it's more of a blow to him than we realize. He was a good deal bound up in Coonrod, though he didn't always use him very well. Well, I reckon it's apt to happen so, oftentimes; curious how cruel love can be. Heigh? We're an awful mixture, March!"

"Yes, that's the marvel and the curse, as Browning says."

"Why, that poor boy himself," pursued Fulkerson, "had streaks of the mule in him that could give odds to Beaton, and he must have tried the old man by the way he would give in to his will, and hold out against his judgment. I don't believe he ever budged a hair's-breadth from his original position about wanting to be a preacher and not wanting to be a business man. Well, of course! *I* don't think business is all in all; but it must have made the old man mad to find that without saying anything, or doing anything to show it, and after seeming to come over to his ground, and really coming, practically, Coonrod was just exactly where he first planted himself, every time."

"Yes, people that have convictions are difficult. Fortunately, they're rare."

"Do you think so? It seems to me that everybody's got convictions. Beaton himself, who hasn't a principle to throw at a dog, has got convictions the size of a barn. They ain't always the same ones, I know, but they're always to the same effect, as far as Beaton's being Number One is concerned. The old man's got convictions—or did have, unless this thing lately has shaken him all up—and he believes that money will do everything. Colonel Woodburn's got convictions that he wouldn't part with for untold millions. Why, March, you got convictions yourself!"

"Have I?" said March. "I don't know what they are."

"Well, neither do I; but I know you were ready to kick the trough over for them when the old man wanted us to bounce Lindau that time."

"Oh yes," said March; he remembered the fact; but he was still uncertain just what the convictions were that he had been so stanch for.

"I suppose we could have got along without you," Fulkerson mused aloud. "It's astonishing how you always *can* get along in this world without the man that is simply indispensable. Makes a fellow realize that he could take a day off now and then without deranging the solar system a great deal. Now here's Coonrod—or rather, he isn't. But that boy managed his part of the schooner so well that I used to tremble when I thought of his getting the better of the old man, and going into a convent or something of that kind; and now here he is, snuffed out in half a second, and I don't believe but what we shall be sailing along just as chipper as usual inside of thirty days. I reckon it will bring the old man to the point when I come to talk with him about who's to be put in Coonrod's place. I don't like very well to start the subject with him; but it's got to be done some time."

"Yes," March admitted. "It's terrible to think how unnecessary even the best and wisest of us is to the purposes of Providence. When I looked at that poor young fellow's face sometimes—so gentle and true and pure—I used to think the world was appreciably richer for his being in it. But are we appreciably poorer for his being out of it now?"

"No, I don't reckon we are," said Fulkerson. "And what a lot of the raw material of all kinds the Almighty must have, to *waste* us the way he seems to do. Think of throwing away a precious creature like Coonrod Dryfoos on one chance in a thousand of getting that old fool of a Lindau out of the way of being clubbed! For I suppose that was what Coonrod was up to. Say! Have you been round to see Lindau to-day?"

Something in the tone or the manner of Fulkerson startled March. "No! I haven't seen him since yesterday."

"Well, I don't know," said Fulkerson. "I guess I saw him a little while after you did, and that young doctor there seemed to feel kind of worried about him. Or not worried, exactly; they can't afford to let such things worry them, I suppose; but—"

"He's worse?" asked March.

"Oh, he didn't say so. But I just wondered if you'd seen him to-day."

"I think I'll go now," said March, with a pang at heart. He had gone every day to see Lindau, but this day he had thought he would not go, and that was why his heart smote him. He knew that if he were in Lindau's place Lindau would never have left his side if he could have helped it. March tried to believe that the case was the same, as it stood now; it seemed to him that he was always going to or from the hospital; he said to himself that it must do Lindau harm to be visited so much. But he knew that this was not true when he was met at the door of the ward where Lindau lay by the young doctor, who had come to feel a personal interest in March's interest in Lindau.

He smiled, without gayety, and said, "He's just going."

"What! Discharged?"

"Oh no. He has been failing very fast since you saw him yesterday, and now—" They had been walking softly and talking softly down the aisle between the long rows of beds. "Would you care to see him?"

The doctor made a slight gesture toward the white canvas screen which in such places forms the death-chamber of the poor and friendless. "Come round this way—he won't know you! I've got rather fond of the poor old fellow. He wouldn't have a clergyman—sort of agnostic, isn't he? A good many of these Germans are; but the young lady who's been coming to see him—"

They both stopped. Lindau's grand, patriarchal head, foreshortened to their view, lay white upon the pillow, and his broad white beard flowed out over the sheet, which heaved with those long last breaths. Beside his bed Margaret Vance was kneeling; her veil was thrown back, and her face was lifted; she held clasped between her hands the hand of the dying man; she moved her lips inaudibly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will hold its annual meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle of this city on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, October 15–18. It has not met in this city since 1832, at which time there was no Broadway Tabernacle, and, we believe, no Congregational church either in New York or Brooklyn, and the extreme boundary northward of the city was considerably below Canal Street. We may almost take it for granted, too, that there is no one now living who was present and took part fifty-seven years ago in the services of that occasion. It may be well, therefore, to give a brief statement of the constitution and work of the Board.

It was founded in 1810, and obtained a charter from the Legislature of Massachusetts for the purpose of "devising ways and means and adopting and prosecuting measures for the spread of the gospel in heathen lands." It is said that in the debate on the charter in the Senate of Massachusetts, when an objection was raised by one of the members on the ground that it was designed to afford the means of exporting religion, whereas there was none to spare from among themselves, it was pleasantly and truly replied that religion was a commodity of which the more we exported the more we had remaining. Its constitution was framed after the manner of a Congregational association. The original members of the Board chose their associates and successors, and the charter providing that members, the number of whom is not to exceed 250 at any one time, must be elected by ballot at an annual meeting, and that not less than one-third of the body must be composed of laymen, one-third of ministers, and the other third from either of these classes. This seems to be a rather antiquated constitution, and a committee of fifteen members was appointed at the Cleveland meeting in 1888 to examine and report on the question whether any means could be adopted to give direct representation to the churches, and bring them into closer relationship to the Board. This system gives to the Board the appearance of a close corporation; but whatever objection it may be open to in theory, it must be said by candid men that the corporate members could be regarded as having been, and as being now, a fair representation of the best members of the churches of the land.

At the beginning, and for a considerable time, the Board was used by the Presbyterian Church and the Dutch Reformed Church as well as by the Congregational churches as the agency through which they sought to carry on their foreign mission work. It stood at first and still stands on a thoroughly undenominational platform; but as time went on, the Presbyterians and the Dutch Reformed Church withdrew to form mission boards within their own lines, so that now it is virtually a Congregational society, its history in this respect resembling that of the London Missionary Society in the old country.

The business of the Board is carried on by a Prudential Committee, which meets weekly in Boston, and by three secretaries and a treasurer, all of whom are elected annually at the meeting of the Board. The presentation of the report of this committee is usually the first item of business then presented, and sometimes considerable discussion arises concerning it. Indeed it is possible that the action of the committee in a well-known case during last year may occasion some debate at the present meeting; but even if that should be the case, such a discussion will not be allowed to divert attention from the reports to be presented from Africa, India, China, Japan, Turkey, the islands of the southern Pacific, and other places where the missionaries of the Board have been working with patient self-denial and considerable success.

One interesting feature of the business—always looked forward to with great expectation—is the address of the President, for which Thursday evening is usually reserved. The custom of delivering such an address was, if not introduced, at least steadily followed by Dr. Mark Hopkins, the late President of the Board, whose broad views, philosophic insight, and clear-cut, cimeter-like sentences always made a deep and permanent impression.

On the present occasion this address will be given by the new President, Dr. R. S. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, who by the unanimous choice of the Board was elected two years ago to succeed the venerable and beloved man to whom we have just referred, and we may be sure that it will be worthy not only of himself, but of the occasion. Dr. Storrs stands in the front rank of the preachers of the day. His historical lore, extensive and accurate scholarship, glowing imagination, fervid eloquence, and commanding appearance give to his utterances a combination of qualities rarely to be met with, and make him one of the first of American orators. Moreover his devotion to evangelical truth, or rather, let us say, to Him who is Himself the truth, kindles the whole man into the white heat of an incandescent earnestness, which glows with an intensity that no hearer can withstand. But Dr. Storrs's eloquence is equalled by his common-sense. He makes an admirable presiding officer, so that with him as President we may expect that this annual meeting of the Board will be characterized, as so many that have gone before have been, by courage tempered with wisdom, and inspired by the spiritual uplift of devotion to the best of causes.

ADMIRAL PORTER.

Five successive generations of the Porter family have served in the American marine. Alexander Porter was captain of a Boston merchantship. His son David commanded the *Delight* and the *Aurora* in the Revolutionary war, was at one time imprisoned on the *Jersey*, and was made a sailing-master in the navy after the war. David's sons John and David were both in the navy, the former reaching the grade of commander, while the latter was the renowned commodore whose services in the naval wars with France, Tripoli, and Great Britain, during which last he commanded the *Essex*, are lustrous in our annals. Of Commodore Porter's sons, one, Henry Ogden, was executive officer of the *Hatteras*, sunk by the *Alabama*; another, Theodoric, was a lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, killed in the Mexican war; a third, William D., commanded the *Essex* at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and served on the Mississippi as commodore, at Vicksburg and Port Hudson. A fourth, and the most famous of the name, is the subject of the present sketch. Of Admiral D. D. Porter's cousins, one, Captain David H., was an officer of the navy, and another, Fitz-John, an army officer, now on the retired list. The fifth generation is also now represented in the navy.

With such sailor blood in his veins, David Dixon Porter, born in the midst of war, June 8, 1813, at Chester, Pennsylvania, naturally began his career betimes. As a boy of eleven he accompanied his father, Commodore Porter, on the cruise against pirates in the West Indies, which resulted in the commodore's suspension for six months on the ground of exceeding his authority. When, accordingly, soon after, he resigned his commission, and was appointed chief officer of the navy of Mexico, at that time struggling against Spain for independence, the lad was made a midshipman in the Mexican service. Under his cousin, Captain David H. Porter, who had also gone from our navy to the Mexican, he had an adventurous cruise against Spanish commerce, varied by a mutiny, in the discovery and suppression of which the youngster had a prominent part. Shortly after, Captain Porter, in command of the armed brig *Guerrero*, off Cuba, attacked two Spanish war vessels, convoying a fleet of merchantmen, and the firing brought out the sixty-four-gun frigate *Lealtad*, which captured the *Guerrero* after a desperate fight. That sanguinary battle, sustained against great odds, in which Captain Porter was killed, and about eighty of his crew either killed or wounded, was the initiation of Midshipman Porter into naval combat. He was then fourteen years old, and had not lacked an adventurous opening for the career in which he was to become so famous.

The survivors of the combat were imprisoned in the guard-ship at Havana, but Midshipman Porter was soon released, and, making his way to the United States by way of Vera Cruz, lost no time in exchanging the Mexican for the American service, becoming a midshipman in our navy on the 2d of February, 1829. That same year his father also left the Mexican service, feeling aggrieved at the treatment he had received.

The sixty years of active service now before the future admiral began rather tamely. Twelve of them were passed in the Mediterranean and on the Coast Survey. He got his lieutenancy February 27, 1841, after having been made passed midshipman some years earlier, on July 3, 1835. More sea service followed in Mediterranean and Brazilian waters, and then duty at the Naval Observatory, and a confidential errand to Hayti. In the Mexican war he had charge of the naval rendezvous in New Orleans, took part in the actions at Vera Cruz, Tuspan, and elsewhere on the Mexican coast, and received command of the *Spitfire*. Then, when the California gold fever followed the war, securing a furlough from the Navy Department, he commanded the mail-steamers *Panama* and *Georgia*, running between New York and Panama. He also brought to this country, in the United States ship *Supply*, eighty-four camels, intended for army use in the Southwest.

With the outbreak of the civil war, Lieutenant Porter was put in command of the *Powhatan*, and joined the Gulf squadron, where his vessel blockaded the Southwest Pass. Meanwhile he was promoted to the rank of commander, to date from April 22, 1861. When it was resolved to attack New Orleans, Commander Porter was consulted by Secretary Welles as to whether Captain D. G. Farragut, a Southern-born man, would like to take the command of the naval part of the expedition. It is not necessary to say that the offer was welcome. Commander Porter was ordered to report to Farragut with a fleet of twenty-one mortar schooners, each carrying a thirteen-inch mortar, besides five war steamers as convoys, while the land forces co-operating were under charge of General Butler. Here it may be noted that Porter's father had adopted Farragut at the age of nine, and had given him his start in the navy.

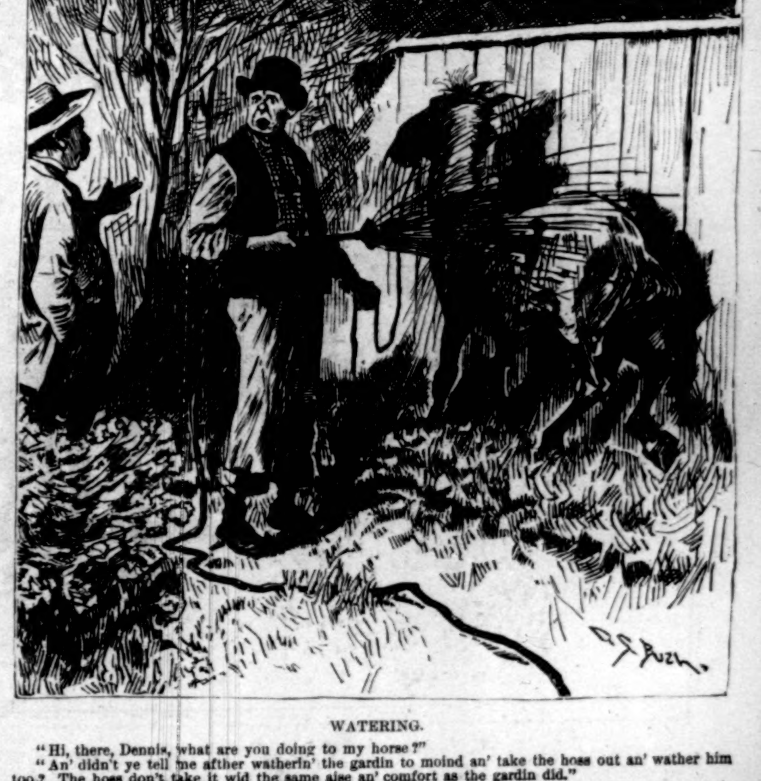
In the spring of 1862 Farragut made his memorable attack on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the river defences of New Orleans. The part assigned to Commander Porter, that of bombarding the forts, was carried on for six days and nights—from April 18th to the 24th—and about 16,800 shells were fired. The mortar-boats lay at a distance from the forts, with woods intervening, and their masts were trimmed with bushes to prevent them from being distinguished. Then occurred the famous river fight and running of the forts by Farragut's fleet; and after the latter went up to New Orleans, the forts surrendered on the 28th of April to Commander Porter, whose flotilla had been left below.

The next conspicuous service of Commander Porter was performed soon after in the operations on the Mississippi between New Orleans and Vicksburg. "The mortar flotilla," wrote Farragut, in his official report, June 30, 1862, "have never done better service than at Vicksburg." In fact, its bombardment of the forts enabled Farragut's fleet to run by them. In July of that year Commander Porter was ordered to take his mortar fleet to Fort Monroe, and he then received instead the command of the Mississippi squadron as Acting Rear-Admiral, in September, 1862. This force was increased from a dozen vessels to many times that number by putting guns and protective armor on the ordinary river boats. Taking eight of these vessels, early in 1863, he co-operated with General Sherman in the reduction of Arkansas Post, on the Arkansas River, silencing the fort by the heavy fire of his sixty-six guns, and knocking the bomb-proofs to pieces. Returning to Vicksburg, where Grant was operating, on the night of the 16th of April he ran the batteries with his fleet, leading off in his flagship, the *Benton*, and though every vessel was struck by the fire from the forts, little damage was done. Being now south of Vicksburg, Porter attacked Grand Gulf, in connection with Grant's army, bringing to bear eighty-one pieces of artillery, and silencing the batteries. His fleet, however, suffered not a little in this affair; the *Benton*, for example, was struck forty-seven times, and lost twenty-six men in killed and wounded. When, after a series of subsequent operations by General Grant, Vicksburg surrendered, Commander Porter received the thanks of Congress for his services, and also a commission of Rear-Admiral, to date from July 4, 1863. He had well merited these honors. "The gunboats," says his official report, "have been constantly below Vicksburg shelling the works. The mortar-boats have been at work forty-two days without intermission." In one engagement, that of May 27th, the *Cincinnati* was sunk by the plunging fire from Fort Hill, with a loss of many men. Besides the almost incessant firing of the navy, several large guns were landed and put in the siege lines, where they were worked by naval crews. Porter had also been of great service in destroying batteries erected by the Confederates to cut off transports and to block river communication. The latter part of the year 1863 was employed by Admiral Porter in keeping open the Mississippi, which at last, with the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, "ran unvexed to the sea." In the spring of 1864 he co-operated with General Banks in the Red River expedition, when the withdrawal of the army left the fleet in a perilous condition, from which it was rescued by the famous dam built by Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey.

One more great exploit was to crown the Admiral's career. Toward the close of the year 1864, having been put in command of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, he was ordered to co-operate with a land force commanded by General Butler, to reduce Fort Fisher and the other works on Cape Fear River, preparatory to capturing Wilmington. The troops were sent on transports, and on Christmas Eve Admiral Porter began a tremendous bombardment from thirty-five vessels, five of which were iron-clads, holding nineteen others in reserve. In a little over an hour the forts were silenced; still General Butler did not consider the works substantially injured, and concluded, from a reconnaissance, that they could not be carried by assault. He therefore returned with his command to Hampton Roads. Admiral Porter asked for a renewal of the attempt, and this was granted, with General Terry in command of the troops. On January 13th and 14th Porter resumed his attack, and very early in the morning of the 15th, with forty-four vessels in a curved line, besides fourteen held in reserve, he opened a tremendous fire, yet with careful aiming, taking the traverses in order, and trying to dismount the guns between them. The result was that the infantry were driven to their bomb-proofs, gun after gun was silenced, and so many of them were dismounted, that at the time fixed for the assault in the afternoon there were few to be feared. Then a land attack was made, and after several hours of hard fighting Fort Fisher was captured by General Terry. For this brilliant assault 1400 sailors and 500 marines had been landed, and they took part in the action. Once more Congress gave Porter a vote of thanks, and again it was fully deserved.

After the war, when the grades of General and Lieutenant-General were awarded to Grant and Sherman, those of Admiral and Vice-Admiral were given to Farragut and Porter, dating from July, 1866. On Farragut's death, Porter was made Admiral of the Navy, August 15, 1870, and it was provided that the grade should lapse when he should cease to hold it. Meanwhile, as Vice-Admiral, he had been made Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where his energy was of great service to the institution.

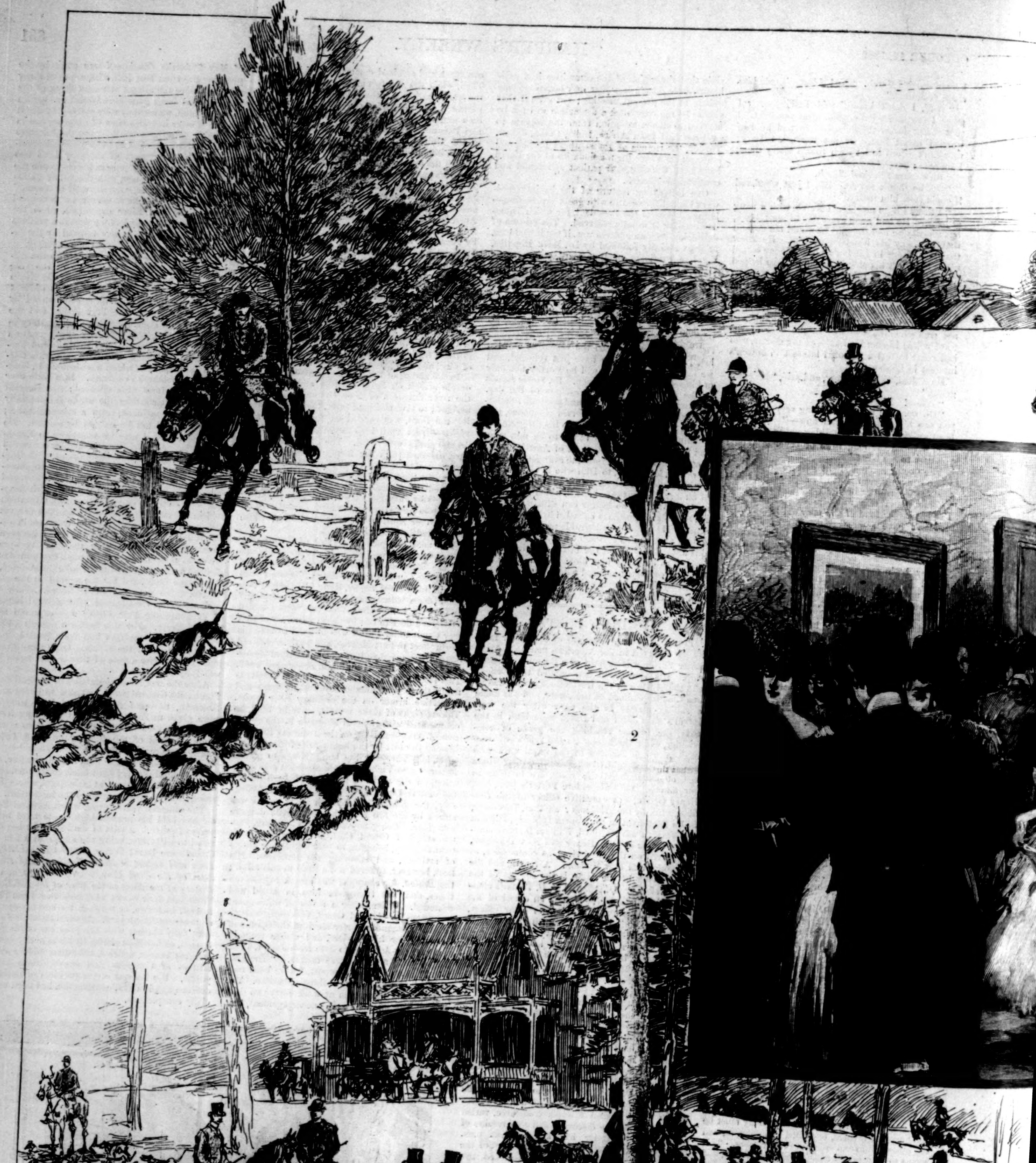
The nineteen years during which Admiral Porter has held his present high grade have been years of peace. A part of his leisure he has devoted to literature, being the author of a life of Commodore David Porter, a novel called *Allan Dare and Robert le Diable*, *Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War*, *Harry Marline*, and a *History of the Navy in the War of the Rebellion*. These last four works were published from 1885 to 1887 inclusive, or between his seventy-second and seventy-fourth year. Admiral Porter has also kept fully abreast with the progress of his profession, as has been shown by his annual reports, and his essays, articles, testimony before committees of Congress, and conversations made public. His interest in the problem of national defence and in naval construction has been especially conspicuous.



WATERING.

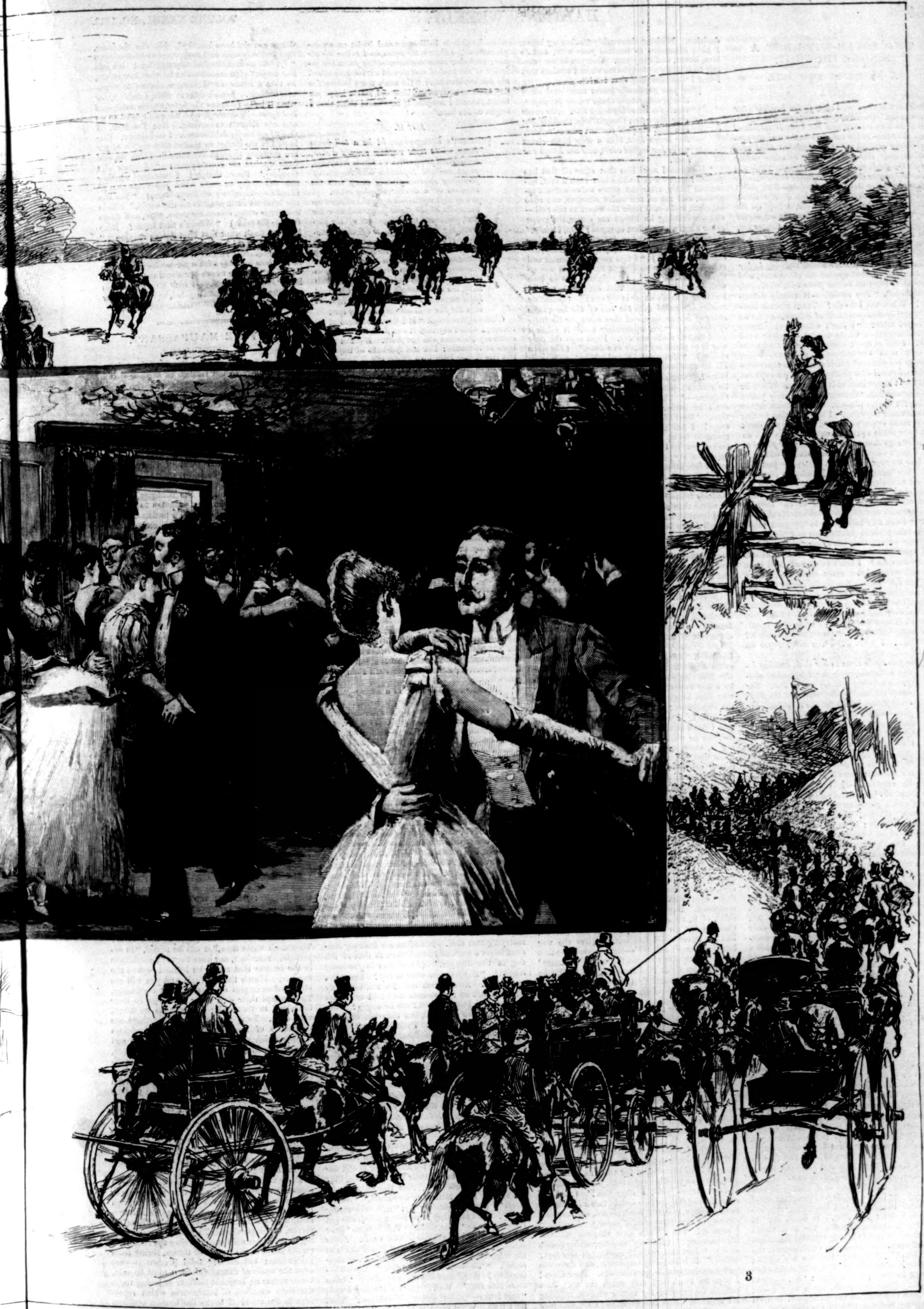
"Hi, there, Dennis, what are you doing to my horse?"

"An' didn't ye tell me afther watherin' the gardin to moind an' take the hoss out an' wather him too? The hoss don't take it wid the same aise an' comfort as the gardin did."



THE RICHMOND COUNTY HUNT AND

1. The Meet at the Club-House.



D BALL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 838.]

se. The Hunt. 3. Returning Home.

TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

Constance *is discovered alone in her boudoir after the dance. On the dressing-table her jewels glimmer here and there, and the light is splintered on the facets of the cut-glass bottles and the pendulating crystals of the candelabra filled with lit tapers. Her dress—a mist of white fading into the shadows—lies over a chair. Those are her slippers in the corner, reflected in the shining parquet, one on its side, one upright—little, pointed slippers with high, slim heels. Her cloak, with its long-haired fur border, is half on the sofa and half on the floor, where she sat, curled up in it when she first came in.* Constance, *in a loose white negligee, pulls her chair up to the dressing-table, and studying her reflection in the oval mirror, draws out her hair-pins.*

Constance (*dropping her hands suddenly in her lap, leaning her head against the chair back, and scrutinizing her face in the glass with narrowed, musing eyes*). "The situation is simply detestable! What am I to do? There are his flowers" (*casting a languid look at a huge bouquet on the centre table*). "I don't want them. There are his letters—a whole boxful—I never read them. I did at first; every evening I read them all over until the collection grew too large. There is his picture" (*looking with an expression of refined ennui at a photograph on an adjacent stand*). "I never look at it any more. When he said this evening, 'Constance, how lovely you're looking!' I wasn't pleased. I had almost rather he hadn't said anything. I know by that feeling that it must come to an end. When you don't want your *fiancé* to think you're pretty, that's an infallible sign that you don't want your *fiancé* at all. I don't want mine. Not that I'm willing to give him up to anybody else. No; it's just that I don't like being engaged. I prefer my freedom. And yet he's a charming fellow." (*Clasping her hands behind her head and looking up, her eyes suffused with dreamful memories, at the Dresden china garlands and Cupids which wreathe the mirror.*) "I can still take pride in my good taste, as men take pride in pointing out to their friends the pretty woman they have once loved. But it must come to an end; it must be broken off. Will he die of it? I don't think so. Men have died, and worms have eaten them, etc. They were just the same in Rosalind's day as they are in mine. Does he adore me? Oh, of course; how could he help it?" (*Laughs, yawns, stretching her arms over her head, catches sight of her face in the glass, and looks gravely at it, then laughs again under her breath.*) "How could he help it? Poor Clem! I must write the fatal letter to-night."

> [*She gets up to cross to her desk, trailing between the chairs in her limp white draperies weighted with edgings of lace. She lights the candles, and stares at the flickering flames with a pensive expression, her finger on her lip.*

"I wonder how he'll feel? Suppose he should come here and want to see me? I have a headache. I won't go to the dance to-morrow, for he'll get my letter some time during the day; but he will meet me at the german on Tuesday. He can't make a scene; there'll be too many people there. He *may* cut me! I think I can stand that; but it will seem a little queer to have Clem pass me with a glassy stare. I don't think he'll poison me. Oh no! Clement belongs to the nineteenth century; if he was the sort of man who poisoned, he wouldn't wear such well-made clothes. I don't think my dear Clement is what the novelists call 'a dramatic figure.' There will be no green and yellow melancholy in his case, no Patience, and no monument—I feel quite sure about the Patience. Let me see."

> [*She seats herself at the desk, draws out her blotting-book, and dips her pen in the ink.*

"Yes; let me see! 'Dear Clement—' No, that won't do; it's too friendly. He isn't dear Clement any more. The succeeding announcement would be too much of a shock after such a tender beginning. The way I address him should prepare him. I will say, 'Dear Mr. Randolph.' Yes, that's a great deal better. 'Dear Mr. Randolph,—This letter will bear you sad news—' No; how can I say that? He might get furious, and write back, 'Dear Constance,—Don't worry yourself about its being sad news; quite the contrary.' Of course he's a gentleman; but gentlemen when they're jilted, like gentlemen when they've had too much wine, may be permitted to forget themselves. Besides, that looks too much like an announcement of a death in the family. It ought to be kind, yet dignified. I oughtn't to deplore what I'm doing, because if I didn't want to I wouldn't be doing it. It's rather difficult to find the right words." (*Bites the end of the quill, and ruminates with large, sleepy eyes fixed on the candle flame.*) "Now I think this is better: 'Dear Mr. Randolph,—This letter will tell you that I have decided we must break our engagement. It is better for both of us. For though you have always been kind and generous to me, and I have nothing to complain of—' Um!" (*Pausing with arrested pen and looking it over dubiously.*) "'I have nothing to complain of—' 'This letter will tell you.' I don't like 'this letter.' No, I don't like that. It won't do. It reads like a recommendation for a servant: 'This letter is to certify that R. Clement Randolph is a good washer and ironer, and understands the fluting-irons.' Horrible! Let me try again; an entirely new form—dignified, cold, resigned—beginning in the frozen manner: 'Mr. Clement Randolph. Dear Sir,—yes, that's very good; 'Dear Sir' will explain everything—'I find, on studying my feelings, that in the matter of our engagement I have come to too rash and hasty a decision. Without thoroughly reading my heart, I have consented to become your wife, and to love, honor, and obey you. Can you bring yourself to tolerate or forgive me when I confess that I find I was mistaken, that I—'"

> [*Her pen gradually moves more and more slowly, and finally trails across the paper, leaving a wavering black line. She reads over the letter, thoughtfully stroking her lips with the quill feather, pauses, reflects, her brows knit, then a slow blush creeps up to her ruffled curls, and she hangs her head.*

"How can I send him that after all that has passed? How can I write him such a stiff, unnatural letter, after the times we've waltzed together, and sat on the stairs together, and rode together, and swam from the wharf to the raft—and the evening he kissed me under the grape arbor when we were first engaged? Oh, I can't!" (*Crumples up the letter, and throws it angrily into the scrap basket, then sits mournfully musing, her chin in her hand.*) "I feel very sentimental and unhappy. It was so nice at first—Clem was so nice—I was so nice! I thought I was in love with him. I've thought that before—but still! I wonder if that's a tear in my eye?" (*Delicately touches her eyelid with the end of the long, loose sleeve of her negligee, and then looks for the trace of the tear.*) "No, apparently not. It takes a good deal to make me cry. Papa says the only way is to pinch my finger in a door." (*The clock strikes.*) "Heavens! Four! What a spectre I'll be to-morrow! Suppose I try a humorous letter? Suppose I treat it lightly, as if I thought he couldn't possibly be angry, this way: 'Dear Clement—' This must be dear Clement; you can't be humorous and dignified at the same time. 'Dear Clement,—Here is a piece of good news! I am going to set you free. You are going to be at large once more. Doesn't that make you feel very gay, and give you a high opinion of my generosity? *Entre nous*, I want to be set free myself'—this, at least, has the merit of being more truthful than any of the others, but— There is a 'but'!" (*Reads it frowning, suddenly tearing it up in angry despair*). "Oh, its worse than any of the others. It's frivolous, hard-hearted, hateful! It makes me appear as though I was made of cast-iron. It's not only injuring him, but insulting him. Yet it sounds very like me. Well" (*with resignation*), "I suppose I must be made of cast-iron, then. Oh, how sleepy I am! How I wish it was finished, and I could go to bed!" (*Yawns wearily, rubs her eyes, then suddenly starts up and seizes the pen.*) "An inspiration! Quick, while I remember—'Miss Leigh presents her compliments to Mr. Randolph, and regrets exceedingly that upon reflection she thinks it advisable to consider their engagement annulled from this time forth.' That's concise as Charles Reade—concise and to the point. Very dignified too; in fact, a captious critic might find it too dignified. But a letter like that needs to be explained. There ought to be a key to go with it. He will want to know why Miss Leigh thinks it advisable to consider the engagement annulled. He will insist on explanations. I will have to see him and tell him that I don't care for him as much as I thought I did, and he will stare at me all the time I'm saying it, then cry, 'Heartless coquette, do you know that you have ruined the life of an honest man?' or something like that. Of course I couldn't stand such a scene. I'd die, or renew the engagement; and I don't know which would be the worst. No; the whole thing must be done in one letter. There must be no need for subsequent recriminations."

> [*She gets up, and slowly paces back and forth with soft, regular foot-fall, and folds of lace-edged material clinging about her graceful figure as she pauses.*

"How do other girls do it? Engagements have been broken before this, and no one has died, or gone mad, or sat up all night ruining their eyes composing letters that won't be composed. How did Claire do it? Now that I think of it, we always had our suspicions that Claire didn't do it at all; that it was Everett. But we never could find out. 'Carry the war into the enemy's country'—some one told me that once. 'Carry the war into the enemy's country'—make him think that I am angry. That's an idea! Let me think." (*Leans against the back of the sofa, her head drooped, the long coiled rope of her hair swinging down nearly to her knees.*) "'Carry the war into the enemy's country'? I don't know much about the enemy's country." (*Goes back to the desk and begins writing on sheets of paper, and then tearing them up.*) "The enemy's country is a barren wilderness as far as I know. Dear Clem! I don't believe he ever did anything wrong in his life. Oh, I am so tired! I'm sure there are tears in my eyes now." (*Yawns once more, and runs her fingers through the roots of her hair, then leans back and stares up at the ceiling with swimming eyes.*) "Now if one was only an English girl, one's mother would arrange this. She would see poor Clem and settle the affair with him, while I would be upstairs discreetly weeping behind the window-curtain. Or a French girl. They don't have any trouble at all. Everything is fixed beforehand for them as neatly and pleasantly as possible—convent, *fiancé*, husband. Happy French girls, I envy you!" (*Smiles a sweet, drowsy smile, which breaks into a lazy laugh, suddenly stops, starts up, seizes the pen, and scratches down a few words on a sheet of paper.*) "Excelsior! I have it! The French girls inspired it. Oh, it's charming!" (*Holds off the letter, gazing fondly at it.*) "Just this, nothing more: '*Je sais tout! Adieu!*' It is certainly conclusive, and there can be no uncomfortable questionings. Poor Clem! I hope he won't feel very much cut up. Just enough to preserve my vanity without injuring his appetite. How magnanimous I am, and how sleepy!" (*Rises, and drifts toward the inner room, slowly shaking out her heavy hair.*) "Perhaps when he gets it he'll come and insist on an explanation." (*Enters the room, and turns up the gas; then, her voice sounding softly from the interior of the hushed and scented shrine into which she has withdrawn:*) "He can't come before the day after to-morrow—where did Marie leave my brush?—and I suppose if he should come that I ought to see him."

ACT II.

> [Clement's *sitting-room, lit by a tall brass lamp, whose light vaguely reveals a dim, sumptuous prospective of heavy hangings, faint twilight tapestries and lengths of gleaming mirrors fading away into the shadows of a darker sleeping-room. A fire of soft coal sends a fitful red light up the walls as the flame palpitates over the coal, glimmers on the glasses of the pictures, the smooth surface of the photographs in folding leather cases, and strikes along the polished floor in warm, wavering reflections.* Clement, *in evening dress, is discovered in a deep arm-chair, his heels on the fender, his hat on the back of his head, his cane between his knees, his right hand caressing his mustache, while he looks into the fire with absently staring eyes.*

Clement (*dreamily*). "If I was like a hero of romance, I would say that it was a dull evening because my Dulcinea was not there. But I'm not a hero of romance; I'm not the hero of anything but one rather limp love affair, which hasn't got enough romance about it to put on the point of a pin. Constance wasn't there, yet I had a good time as such things go. Looking into the situation with a cold, critical eye, I think I had a better time than if she'd been there. Under those circumstances I would have had to sit and talk to her half the evening, and when I wasn't talking to her, stand and look at her talking to some one else. That's what's expected of a lover in these golden days. It's an exacting rôle." (*Pulls at his fair mustache, and then glances fondly down at it.*) "Constance is delightfully pretty; she has the loveliest little head in all the world, and yet—and yet—" (*Pushes his hat suddenly down on the bridge of his nose, and for a space sits motionless, his chin sunk on his chest, his hands clasped over the head of his cane, occasional disjointed sentences issuing from the shadow of the hat.*) "I loved her distractedly that summer. Was she more lovable then, or is it my fault now? I wouldn't go back to that place next summer for anything—not to bury a dog. She wouldn't let me kiss her hand last night; I don't think I cared much. Last summer, when Everett's engagement was broken, he exchanged the ring for a watch, a match-box, and a pair of sleeve-links. I've got three watches already. Never knew exactly who broke that engagement. Might go round and see Everett to-morrow, and try what a little judicious pumping will bring forth. Rather bright fellow, Everett; much brighter than I am, it appears."

> [*Here he rouses himself to a sitting posture, and, the cane between his knees, his chin resting on its silver top, his hat still on his nose, he stares musingly into the fire.*

"Constance is rather high-tempered. She knows Claire quite well, and probably knows how it was done. That makes it an impossibility for me to try Everett's racket, even if I knew what it was. Dear Connie, she looks very pretty when she's angry. I made her furious that day on the yacht-race, when Beltran lost his hat, and I said it was a pity he committed the mistake of keeping his brains in it. She was angry, and then we made up, leaning against the rail. She had a deer-stalker on, and her hair curled up in the fog, and the cheek with the dimple was on my side—since then I've grown accustomed to the dimple. We leant against the rail and talked in low tones—now that I think of it, I believe we whispered. I don't know what we did that for. We might have screamed and no one would have heard us, for they were all below. Still" (*heaving a lingering sigh*) "it was nice! Beltran was in love with her then. I wonder if he is yet? I hope he isn't. I couldn't stand the idea of her marrying that clod. It strikes me that my conduct bears a curious resemblance to that of the dog in the manger." (*Ruminates in frowning silence.*) "Suppose she were to cry? I couldn't stand that. At the first tear I'd ask her to fly with me and be the pirate's bride. I could say I was only joking. Would she be angry? That wouldn't be so dreadful, but then she looks so pretty when she's angry. I wonder, now" (*drooping his head to one side and staring at the rug*) "if she really cares for me?" (*Smiles sardonically.*) "As much as is consistent with good style, we'll say. A heart, poetically not anatomically speaking, is one of the attributes of the parvenu in his aboriginal state."

> [*He falls into another reverie, draws himself to the edge of his chair, and, with his chin on the top of his cane, sweeps the room with a long, absent stare. His eyes finally rest on the table.*

"Aha, letters! Let me see. One from her—an unusual attention." (*Takes off his hat and puts it on the table.*) "I wonder how it will begin? They used to be 'Dear Clement,' then they got to be 'Dearest Clem,' then they came to be 'Dearest,' and finally 'Sweetheart.' 'Sweetheart'" (*gently repeating it*); "that was rather pretty. And now they have retrograded, and got back as far as 'Dear Clem.' This may be 'Dear Mr. Randolph.'" (*Opens it and reads. Looks blank, then puzzled. Turns it over, and stares at the other side. Reads it again, pulling his mustache*). "'*Je—sais—tout! Adieu!*' '*Adieu*'—Good-by! What does she mean by that? '*Adieu—Je sais tout.*' Well!" (*with a startled laugh*) "this looks—'*Adieu, adieu. Je sais tout.*' That isn't true. What can she know? How did she find it out? '*Je sais tout.*' I'd give something to know what that '*tout*' stands for. What the deuce can she have heard?" (*Studies the letter, then suddenly says, with suppressed vindictiveness:*) "I'd like to find the fool that told her! It's odd she doesn't give some hint as to what she refers, so that a fellow could have a chance to vindicate himself. I can't deny it when I don't know what it is." (*Throws the letter on the table, and looks gloomily at the fire.*) "I won't need to go and see Everett to-morrow. No; I'm free. I don't feel madly exhilarated. I feel sleepy. Perhaps I'm too sleepy to realize that thrills of joy are coursing through my veins." (*Gets up, and leans against the mantel-piece.*) "'I know all! Good-by.' Poor Connie! I wonder whether she was angry or sorry when she wrote that?" (*Looks sentimentally at her picture.*) "She has the loveliest little head in all the world." (*Sighs and turns away, crosses the room, stops, and comes back to the table.*) "Where's that letter? Here it is. I don't want that idiot James reading it." (*Goes toward the inner apartment, the letter in his hand, again stops, meditates, then says, slowly, as if he had been arguing with a persuasive adversary.*) "I think I'll have to see her about that. I must have '*tout*' explained. It may be a groundless calumny. When a man's jilted, he likes to know the reason why." Geraldine Bonner.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

BY HENRY JAMES.

It is so embarrassing to speak of the writers of one country to the readers of another that I sometimes wonder at the complacency with which the delicate task is entered upon. There are cases in which the difficult art of criticism becomes doubly difficult, inasmuch as they compel the critic to forfeit what I may call his natural advantages. The first of these natural advantages is that those who read him shall help him by taking a great many things for granted; shall allow him his general point of view and his terms—terms which he is not obliged to define. The relation of the American reader to the French writer, for instance, is, on the contrary, so indirect that it gives him who proposes to mediate between them a great deal more to do. Here he has in a manner to define his terms and establish his point of view.

The first simplification he is prompted to effect is therefore to ask the reader to make the effort to approach the author as nearly as possible in the supposed spirit of one of his own (one of the author's) fellow-countrymen. If the author be French, remember that as it is to Frenchmen he addresses himself, it is profitless to read him without a certain displacement of tradition. If he be German, reflect in the same way that it was far from his business to write in such a manner as would conciliate most the habits and prejudices of the English-speaking mind. There are doubtless many people all ready to regard themselves as injured by a suggestion that they should for the hour, and even in the decent privacy of the imagination, comport themselves as creatures of alien (by which we usually understand inferior) race. To them it is only to be answered that they had better never touch a foreign book on any terms, but lead a contented life in the homogeneous medium of the dear old mother-speech. That life, by compensation, they will of course endeavor to make as rich as possible; and there is one question they will always be able to ask without getting an immediate answer, so that the little inquiry will retain more or less its triumphant air, "Why should we concern ourselves so much about French literature, when those who produce it concern themselves so little about ours?"

That strong argument will always be in order, especially among those who do not really know how little the French are, as they say, preoccupied with English and American work; and on some occasions it will be supported by the further inquiry: "Is not the very perfection of French literature to-day an exemplary consequence of the fact that its principal exponents stay at home and mind their business—shut their doors and 'take care of' (*soigner*) their form? They don't waste time," it will be added, "in superficial excursions, nor have they any confidence in the lessons that are to be learned beyond the frontier. Watch them a little and you will see plenty of examples of that want of confidence. They accept their own order of things as their limit, and in that order they dig, as we know, very deep. To speak only of fiction, there are multitudes of tales by English and American writers which profess to deal with French and with Italian life, yet probably not one of which, unless it be George Eliot's *Romola*, has any verisimilitude or any value for Frenchmen or for Italians. Few indeed are the works of fiction which they on their side have dedicated to the portraiture of the Anglo-Saxon world; and great, doubtless, do they deem the artistic *naïveté* of a race which can content itself with that sort of stuff as a substitute for thoroughness." Thus, it will be seen, the very "perfection" of French literature (which a hundred observers will also of course contest) may, oddly enough, be offered as a reason for having nothing to do with it.

These are the embroilments of a flirtation—an expression which is really the only proper one to apply to our interest in the "sort of stuff" which has enabled such a writer as M. Guy de Maupassant, whose name I have prefixed to these remarks, to be possible. To a serious and well-regulated union with such a writer the American public must, in the nature of things, shrink from pretending; but nothing need prevent it—not even the sense of danger (often, it must be said, much rather an incentive)—from enjoying those desultory snatches of intercourse which represent in the world of books the broken opportunities of Rosina or Juliet. These young ladies, it is true, eventually went much further, and the situation of the Anglo-Saxon reader, when craning over the creaking fourth or fifth floor balcony of a translation, must be understood as that to which the romance of curiosity would have been restricted if the Guardian and the Nurse—in other words, public opinion—had succeeded in keeping the affair within limits. M. de Maupassant is an Almaviva who strums his guitar with the expectation of raising the street, and he performs most skilfully under those windows from which the flower of attention at any price is flung down to him. If he is a capital specimen of the foreign writer with whom the critic has most trouble, there could at the same time be no better exhibition of the force which sets this inquiring, admiring spirit in motion.

The only excuse the critic has for braving the embarrassments I have mentioned is that he wishes to perform a work of recommendation, and indeed there is no profit in talking in English of M. de Maupassant unless it be in the sense of recommending him. One should never go out of one's way to differ; and translation, interpretation, the business of adjusting to another medium, are a going out of one's way. Silence is the best disapproval; and to take people up with an earnest grip, only to put them down, is to add to the vain gesticulation of the human scene. That reader will therefore be most intelligent who, if he does not leave M. de Maupassant quite alone, makes him a present, as it were, of the conditions. My purpose was to enumerate these, but I shall not accomplish it properly if I fail to recognize that they are manifold.

The first of them to be mentioned is, doubtless, that he came into the literary world, as he himself has related, under the protection of the great Flaubert. This was but a dozen years ago, for Guy de Maupassant belongs, among the distinguished Frenchmen of his period, to the new generation. His celebrity has been gathered in a short career, and his experience, which in certain ways suggests the helping hand of time, in a rapid life, inasmuch as he was born in 1850. These things go fast in France, and there is already a newer generation still, with its dates and its notabilities; but we need scarcely yet open a parenthesis for the so-called *décadents*: they have produced no talent that seems particularly alive; to do so would, indeed, be a disloyalty to their name. Besides the link of the same literary ideal, Gustave Flaubert had with his young pupil a strong community of local sense—the sap of the rich old Norman country was in the veins of both. It is not too much to say that there is a large element in Maupassant that the reader will care for in proportion as he has a kindly impression of the large, bountiful Norman land, with its abbeys and its nestling farms, its scented hedges and hard white roads, where the Sunday blouse of the rustic is picked out in color, its succulent domestic life, and its canny and humorous peasantry. There is something in the accumulated heritage of such a province which may well have fed the imagination of an artist whose vision was to be altogether of this life.

That is another of M. de Maupassant's conditions: what is clearest to him is the immitigability of our mortal predicament, with its occasional beguilements and its innumerable woes. Flaubert would have been sorry to blur this sharpness, and indeed he ministered to it in helping to place his young friend in possession of a style which completely reflects it. Guy de Maupassant, from his own account (in the preface to *Pierre et Jean*), devoted much time to the moral that to prove that you have a first-rate talent you must have a first-rate style. He therefore learned to write, and acquired an instrument which emits no uncertain sound. He is wonderfully concise and direct, yet at the same time it would be difficult to characterize more vividly. To have color and be sober with it is an ideal, and this ideal M. de Maupassant constantly touches. The complete possession of his instrument has enabled him to attack a great variety of subjects—usually within rigid limits of space. He has accepted the necessity of being brief, and has made brevity very full, through making it an energetic selection. He has published less than half a dozen novels and more than a hundred tales;* and it is upon his tales that his reputation will mainly rest. The short tale is infinitely relished in France, which can show in this form an array of masterpieces; and no small part of Maupassant's success, I think, comes from his countrymen's pride in seeing him add to a collection which is already a national glory. He has done so, as I say, by putting selection really upon its mettle—by going in every picture straight to the strongest ingredients, and to them alone.

The turn of his mind has helped him to do this, an extraordinary perceptive apparatus of the personal, material, immediate sort. M. de Maupassant takes his stand on everything that solicits the sentient creature who lives in his senses; gives the impression of the active, independent observer who is ashamed of none of his faculties, describes what he sees, renders, with a rare reproduction of tone, what he hears, and is more anxious to see and to hear than to make sure, in advance, of propping up some particular theory of things. He has indeed a theory to the effect that they are pretty bad, but practically the air of truth in the given case is almost never sacrificed to it. His strong, hard, cynical, slightly cruel humor can scarcely be called a theory; what one may say of this rather is that his drollery is a direct emanation from the facts, and especially from the rural facts, which he knows with extraordinary knowledge. His most brilliantly clever tales deal with the life, pervaded, for the most part, by a strong smell of the barn-yard and the wine-shop, of the Norman cottage and market-place. Such a little picture as "La Ficelle" ("The Piece of String") is a pure gem, so caught in the fact are the whimsicalities of the thick-witted rustic world.

For the last ten years M. de Maupassant has contributed an almost weekly *nouvelle* to some Parisian sheet which has allowed him a luxurious liberty. They have been very unequal, too numerous, and occasionally bad enough to be by an inferior hand (an inevitable accident in copious production), but they have contained an immense element of delightful work. Taken all together, they are full of life (of life as the author conceives it, of course—he is far from having taken its measure in all directions), and between the lines of them we seem to read of that partly pleasant and wholly modern invention, a roving existence in which for art no impression is wasted. M. de Maupassant travels, explores, navigates, shoots, goes up in balloons, and writes. He treats of the North and of the South, evidently makes "copy" of everything that happens to him, and in the interest of such copy and such happenings, ranges from Étretat to the depths of Algeria. Lately he has given signs of adding a new cord to his bow—a silver cord of intenser vibration. His last two novels, *Pierre et Jean* and *Fort comme la Mort*, deal with shades of feeling and delicacies of experience to which he had shown himself rather a stranger. They are the work of an older man, and of a man who has achieved the feat of keeping his talent fresh when other elements have turned stale. In default of other convictions it may still for the artist be an adequate working faith to turn out something fine. Guy de Maupassant is a striking illustration of this curious truth and of the practical advantage of having a first-rate ability. Such a gift may produce surprises in the mere exercise of its natural health. The dogmatist is never safe with it.

HON. SETH LOW.

Columbia College is much to be congratulated upon its election of Hon. Seth Low as its new President. Many who have been more or less familiar with the facts of his career, with his high character, his rare abilities and attainments, his broad and enlightened views of political questions, and his exceptional aptitudes for public service, have earnestly hoped that he might be called to some yet more exalted civil station than he has hitherto occupied, where his acknowledged talent and worth might find a larger sphere of usefulness. Unfortunately, the time is not yet when men of his stamp are in urgent demand with the parties that still rule the country and divide its honors and preferments, however true it may be that in certain quarters there are promises of a better day. An unpartisan and independent spirit, a just and wise policy of action, liberal ideas and lofty ideals, sound statesmanship and stern purity and fidelity of official conduct, are not in favor with the politicians, nor even with the people. Perhaps there is a prior work to be done, as a necessary condition of the existence of so desirable a state of public sentiment and virtue. It is one of the bright omens of the hour that so many of our principal schools and universities are already in touch with this higher life, and are conspicuously leading on, as at no previous period, a progressive education of the American mind, that augurs well for the happiest results. The larger and still advancing spirit of our chief seats of learning is fatally inimical to the principles and methods which have so long controlled and disgraced our national politics. It has nothing in common with them, and they are surely destined to fall before its silent but steady and irresistible march, as the thousands of young men, with their fresher inspirations, and with their wider and more thorough training, shall continue to go forth annually from our colleges into all the land to mould the coming civilization. There is no more momentous work than this, as considered in all its varied intellectual and moral aspects and bearings, and in all its extensive and permanent effects and influences. The call for leaders is not so much a call for specialists as it is a call for men of exalted character and generous culture, possessed of commanding executive ability, filled with the spirit of wisdom and with the best thought and purpose of the hour, enriched already with valuable experience, and strong in Christian faith and love. Mr. Low seems to us to meet such requirements as these as few could do.

The secret of his remarkable success in life, while still he has not reached his forties, is a good study for young men. Fortunate in his parentage and ancestry, and blessed with abundant means for education and travel, he placed his reliance, not so much on these favoring circumstances, as on his own fixed and earnest purpose and determination to excel in whatever work or pursuit properly claimed his attention and care. Born in Brooklyn, January 18, 1850, he passed through his earlier studies at the Juvenile High-School and the Polytechnic Institute in that city, and then entered Columbia College, where he was graduated in 1870 as the first of his class, though he was but twenty years of age. Then followed a short trip abroad, after which he became a clerk in the well-known mercantile house of his father and uncles, A. A. Low & Brothers, himself being made a partner as early as 1875. Subsequently, on the retirement of the older members of the firm, he was placed at its head; was also elected a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and was appointed to serve on several of its important committees; was made the first president of the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, and was officially or otherwise associated with other philanthropic institutions or reform movements in his own city; at the same time he was active and influential in church and Sunday-school work. His habits of systematic study, and his love of books and learning, ended not with his collegiate course. He was a hard student still, and during those business years the youthful clerk or merchant, while manifesting a reasonable regard for the claims of society, in which he was ever a genial and coveted presence, chose rather to spend his evenings in reviewing his favorite classics, in reading the standard authors and the fresher literature, and in mastering many a great practical problem relating to commerce, finance, civil government and service, municipal elections, and particularly the political, educational, and charitable organizations and affairs of Brooklyn. Here, too, he was laying, deep and strong, the foundations of his future usefulness. When, therefore, he began to come more prominently before the public as a speaker at meetings called in the interest of such things as have just been referred to, all were astonished at the extent of his knowledge in regard to every subject he treated, the singular ease and familiarity with which he handled it, and, not the less, at his mature and lucid thought, and his calm, wise, convincing, and very winning way of carrying his point. His style of oratory is simple, natural, and manly, and of a very rare and effective kind. He at once establishes pleasant relations between himself and his auditors, and before he gets through is sure to make friends, and quite as sure to make no enemies.

One of his earlier and more brilliant triumphs was won at the well-remembered National Export Trade Convention, held in Washington, February 20, 1878. It was a remarkable assemblage of prominent merchants and officials from all parts of the country. Mr. Low was a representative from New York, and was only twenty-eight years old. A mere stripling amidst such an array of older and far more distinguished men, he took part in the proceedings and made an address on the carrying trade of the United States, which was so instructive and altogether admirable in matter and delivery that it chained the attention of all present, and was rewarded with the long and loud applause of the members, and the numerous Congressmen and statesmen besides, who had come in to listen to the debates. The leading papers of the country very generally made enthusiastic mention of the speech and its reception through their Washington correspondents; and the writer of this article recalls how, immediately afterward, he called upon the young orator's father at his residence on Brooklyn Heights, and found the honored and venerable man alone in his library, looking over some letters he had just received from eminent persons of different sections of the Union, very warmly eulogizing the address, and congratulating him upon having such a son. Proud as the father must have been and was, he was modest and cautious in expression, as is ever his wont. The morning after Seth's election as Mayor large numbers thronged to his father's house to testify to their joy at his son's triumph. The rain poured, and the pleased yet not elated merchant prince concluded to wait until his boy got through the term of his official service before he extended to him his felicitations.

Brooklyn has never known another municipal campaign so interesting as that. There were wards of the city where none but Democratic speakers ever found it quite safe to hold forth in public political meetings at such times. Mr. Low made the venture, accompanied by his gallant friend and supporter General Woodward, who had been known as an old-line Democrat, and was therefore selected as a companion who might possibly be helpful in more ways than one. Yet there was little need so far as personal safety was concerned. Mr. Low passed through the roughest crowds in the most forbidding places all unharmed, soon riveted and held the attention of those who may have come for mischief, and everywhere gained for himself respect and admiration. There was about him a certain frankness, good-will, and "sweet reasonableness" that at once disarmed and shamed any such thing as the spirit of violent opposition, and cleared the way for the ministry of truth.

Of those four memorable years of service as Mayor which followed his election in 1881 it is unnecessary to write. It is a fair and beautiful chapter in Brooklyn's history. It is well known and will not be forgotten in our own land, nor was it completed before it had received wide and emphatic praise in transatlantic countries. Mr. Low, after laying aside his official cares, again went abroad, and everywhere was honored with marked civilities for his great personal merits and accomplishments, but especially for his signal service in the cause of home-rule and sound government.

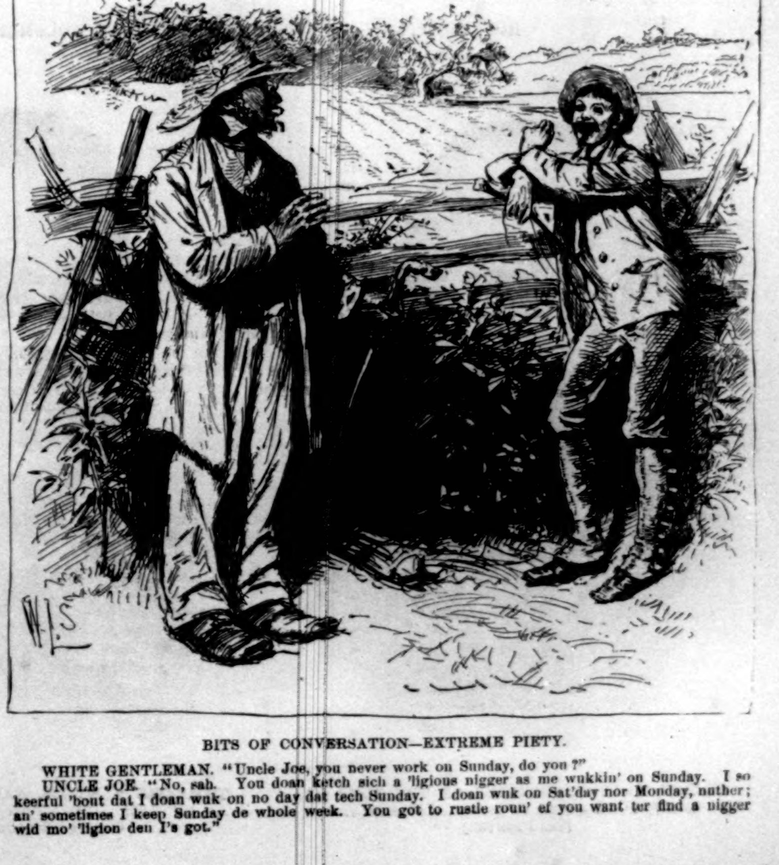
Mr. Low's more important speeches and addresses, such as that which he delivered in the Convention at Washington, his "Problem of Municipal Government in the United States," his treatises on tariff reform and civil service, and numerous others given before clubs, colleges, associations, and political and religious bodies, ought to be published anew in a collected form. They are now scattered in pamphlets, tracts, magazines, and files of newspapers. Brought together, they would make a noble volume. They all touch upon living questions of the day, and are full of vital matter. They are all in the direction of the better tendencies of the time, and they are not less packed with thought and truth, and keen and cogent in argument, than they are remarkable for their simplicity, purity, and beauty of style. And yet they point, we are sure, to still grander things to come as their author steps into his new position, and proceeds with his work of educating, let us hope for many long years, successive classes of American youth.

Mr. Low was named for his greatly esteemed and beloved grandfather, Mr. Seth Low, formerly of Salem, Massachusetts, and afterward of Brooklyn. The grandmother, meet consort of her husband, and long his survivor, was Mary Porter, born in Topsfield, Massachusetts. In honor of the birthplace of his mother, Mr. A. A. Low, son of Seth the elder, and father of Seth the younger, a few years since bought the valuable library of the late Rev. Mr. McLeod, of that town, and presented it as an addition to the village library. Not far from where this gift is deposited, as the "Low Department," is the well-preserved and pleasantly situated house in which the venerated lady first saw the light, but latterly it has been given to Episcopalians as a home for orphan children, and now fulfils a ministry than which none could have been more consonant with her own spirit and sympathies.

THISTLE-DOWN.

From the cool mead in shifting shadow thrown
  Its winsome pinions drift adown the dale,
  Over the stream and through its pearly veil,
Under the sombre hemlock, ivy-grown.
By crannied nooks where happy insects drone,
  Light as a moonbeam on the dreamy gale,
  It eddies onward like the faintest trail
Of a thin cloudlet through dim distance blown.
Fine as the finest floss of Samarcand,
  Soft as the kiss of twilight on the wold,
    While it is twisting through the pensive gloom,
It seems some viewless sprite with nimble hand
  Spins it with lightest airiest sun-gold
    To a bright fabric on the west wind's loom.

R. K. Munkittrick.



BITS OF CONVERSATION—EXTREME PIETY.

WHITE GENTLEMAN. "Uncle Joe, you never work on Sunday, do you?"

UNCLE JOE. "No, sah. You doan ketch sich a 'ligious nigger as me wukkin' on Sunday. I so keerful 'bout dat I doan wuk on no day dat tech Sunday. I doan wuk on Sat'day nor Monday, nuther; an' sometimes I keep Sunday de whole week. You got to rustle roun' ef you want ter find a nigger wid mo' 'ligion den I's got."

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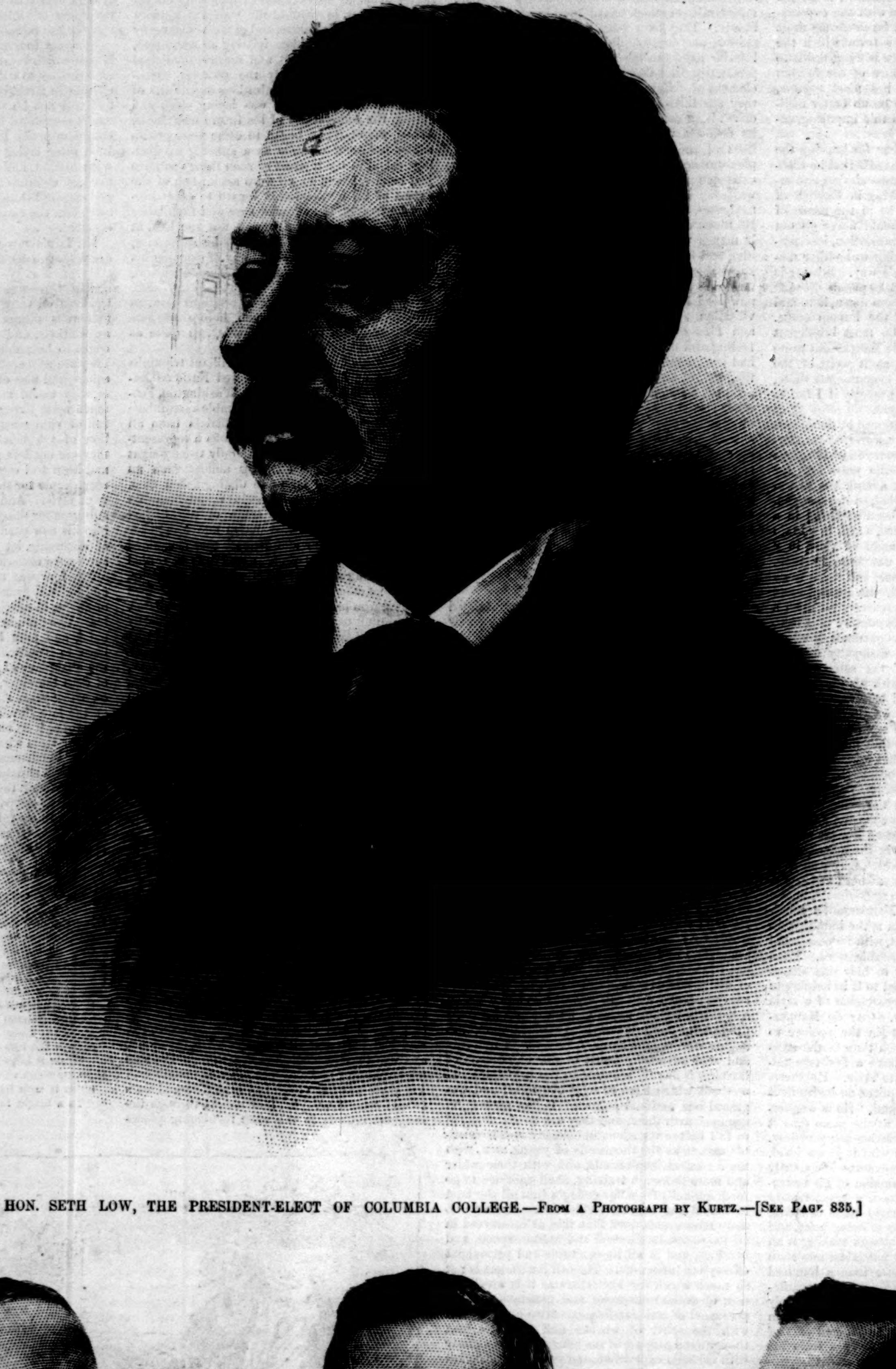
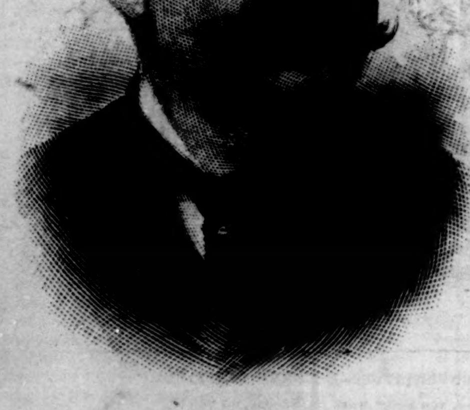
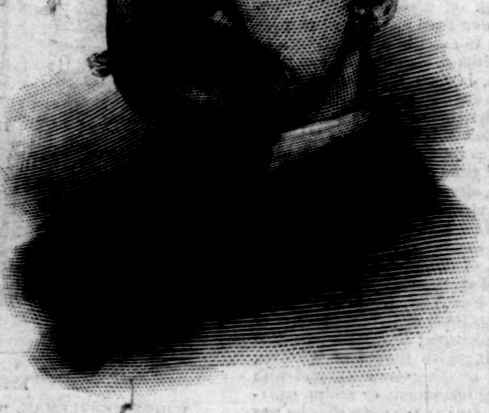
* Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in press for early publication *The Odd Number*, which will contain thirteen of Guy de Maupassant's tales, translated by Jonathan Sturges, and accompanied with an introduction by Henry James.



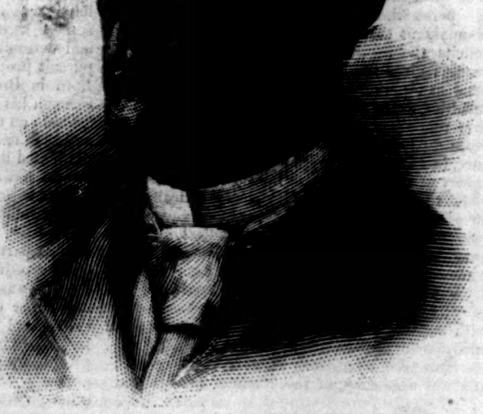
HON. SETH LOW, THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—From a Photograph by Kurtz.—[See Page 835.]



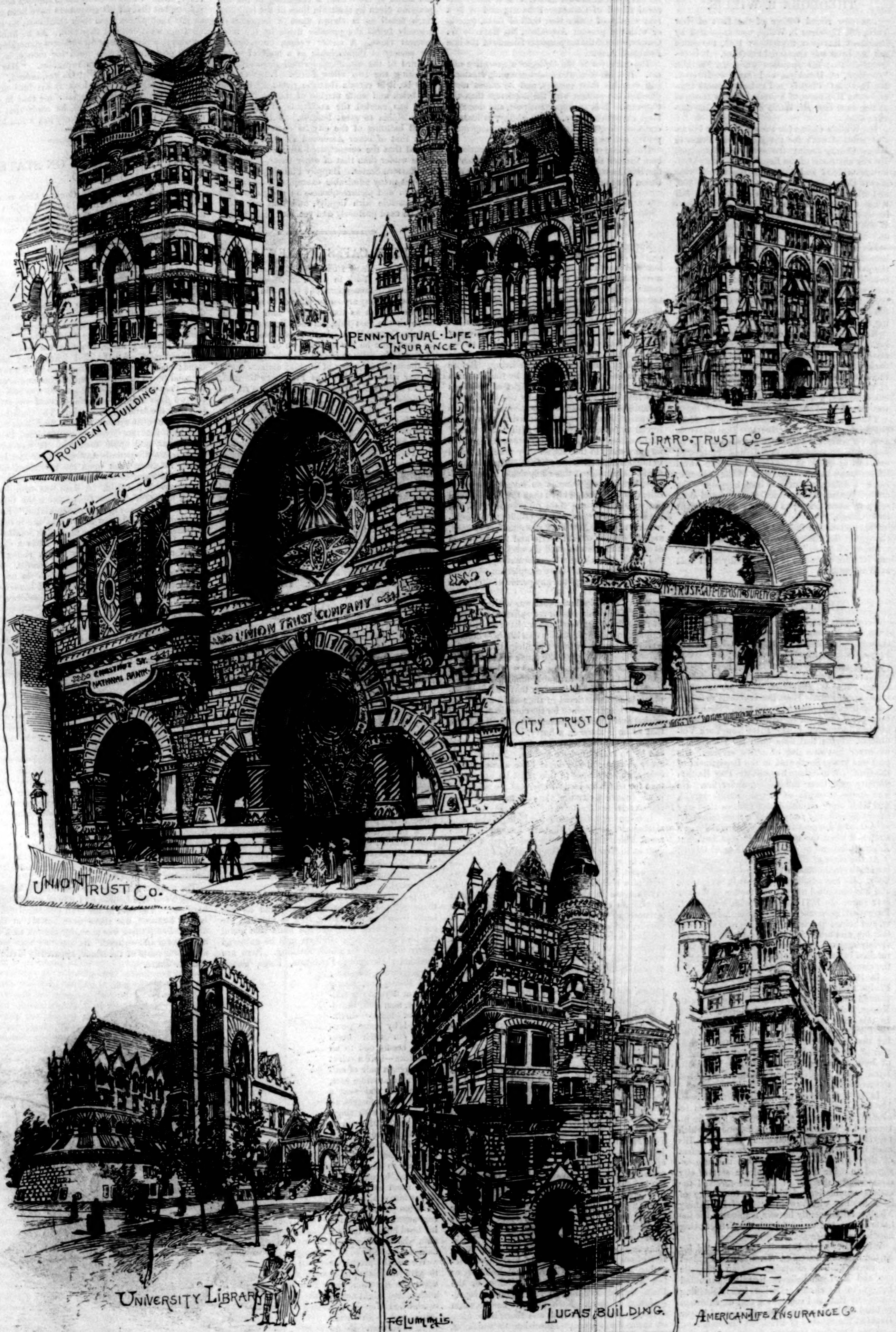
GEORGE W. LYON, SURVEYOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Sarony. [See Page 838.]



THEODORE B. WILLIS, NAVAL OFFICER OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Gardner & Company, Brooklyn.—[See Page 838.]



HON. ELISHA P. FERRY, THE GOVERNOR-ELECT OF THE NEW STATE OF WASHINGTON.—From a Photograph by La Roche & Company, Seattle.


PROVIDENT BUILDING.
PENN·MUTUAL·LIFE INSURANCE Co.
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UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
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LUCAS BUILDING.
AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE Co.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE COMMERCIAL ARCHITECTURE OF PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY F. E. LUMMIS.—[SEE PAGE 838.]

THEODORE B. WILLIS.

The new Naval Officer of the Port of New York, Mr. Theodore B. Willis, was appointed by President Harrison September 10th, the same day Mr. Lyon was appointed Surveyor. It is understood that his sponsors were Mr. Franklin Woodruff, of Brooklyn, and Senator Hiscock. Mr. Thomas C. Platt is said to have favored General John M. Knapp, of Auburn. It was rumored at one time that Mr. Willis was to have the Surveyorship.

Mr. Willis's claims for the position are his active political work for the Republican ticket in Kings County during the last two campaigns. He was chairman of the Republican County Committee in 1887 and 1888. In the former year Mayor Chapin's majority was cut down to 800, and Sheriff Rhinehart was elected. Last fall Kings County gave a smaller Democratic majority by several thousand than in 1884, and to Mr. Willis in large measure the credit of this was ascribed.

The new Naval Officer is a young man, having been born in Brooklyn in 1856. He attended the public schools of the city and the Polytechnic School, and then went into the hardware business with his father. He is now at the head of the firm of T. B. Willis & Brother, who are among the largest local dealers in hardware and building materials.

Mr. Willis lives in the old First Ward in Brooklyn. He began to be active in politics soon after attaining his majority, and in 1881, when only twenty-five years of age, he was chosen one of the Board of Supervisors—the youngest member of that body ever elected. For eight years he has continued a Supervisor, and for one year he was President of the Board.

The position of Naval Officer is considered by politicians a very snug berth. The salary is $8000 a year, and the duties are such as can be performed by subordinates. It was established as a sort of check on the Collector. The Naval Officer keeps the same accounts as the Collector, but by a different system of book-keeping. The double system was intended to serve, and does serve to some extent, as a check on fraudulent importations.

This nomination finishes the list of important changes in the Custom-house. Republicans only are now "on guard" in its most important offices, and its administration is in sympathy with that at Washington.

GEORGE W. LYON.

George W. Lyon was born in this city in April, 1842, and is therefore in his forty-eighth year. As a boy he went to the public school and to the Free Academy, which has now developed into the College of the City of New York. In his seventeenth year he entered the law office of ex-Judge John W. Edmonds, where he remained until April, 1862. Then the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to the field. Soon after he reached the front he received the commission of First Lieutenant in the 131st New York Volunteers. From that time until Lee's surrender he never lost one day of active service. His post was in the Southwest, in the Department of the Gulf. While there he built the Port Hudson military road, three miles long, under fire. He was Judge-Advocate of eleven courts-martial, and tried more commissioned officers than any other officer in the army. For a time he served as Aide and Judge-Advocate on General Birge's staff, and when the war closed he was Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General Canby.

At the close of the war Mr. Lyon resumed his law studies in the office of ex-Judge Charles A. Peabody. He was admitted to the bar in May, 1866, and has continued the active practice of the law ever since. In 1871 he acted, with Mr. John I. Davenport, as counsel for the Committee of Seventy, and helped to frame the new registry and election law and other reform measures, having previously assisted in directing the campaign that resulted in the election of Mayor Havemeyer, and the complete overthrow of the Tweed Ring.

In 1873, on the election of Mr. Benjamin K. Phelps as District Attorney, Mr. Lyon was appointed one of his assistants, together with Messrs. Daniel G. Rollins and Horace Russell. In this office he remained, during the terms of Mr. Phelps and Mr. Rollins, for nine years. During that time occurred the famous transformation of the Eighth District, under the leadership of John J. O'Brien, and it is supposed that Mr. Lyon gave his advice and assistance in aid of the reconstruction.

In 1886 Mr. Lyon was elected to the Assembly from the Twenty-first District, and was re-elected the following year. In that body he introduced a series of reform bills, one of which provided for spring elections in this city. His most important service, however, was his defeat of the "Bruns bill," which was a measure designed to make Rollin M. Squire a sort of city dictator. In the fall of 1887 he received the caucus nomination of his party for Judge of Sessions, but withdrew in favor of De Lancey Nicoll. Subsequently he was nominated for the State Senate, but was defeated, the district being hopelessly Democratic.

When Mr. Joel B. Erhardt was nominated for Mayor last fall he chose Mr. Lyon to conduct his canvass. The campaign was an energetic one, and Mr. Lyon believes that it contributed largely to Harrison's election by frightening Tammany Hall, and compelling that organization to bend all its energies to the election of Mayor Grant at the expense of President Cleveland.

After President Harrison was elected, it was generally expected that Mr. Lyon should "have something." His preference was rather for the United States District Attorney's office, but he accepted the Surveyorship with a good grace. As has been intimated above, he is a warm personal friend of Collector Erhardt; and it is a fact worthy of notice that both of them, together with the present Appraiser, Mr. Marvelle W. Cooper, were intimate personal friends of the late President Arthur.

The Surveyor is the Collector's executive officer. It is his men who board incoming steamers and examine their cargoes, and he comes more directly into contact with the importers than the Collector. It is an important post, and demands large executive ability. Such ability, at least in one direction, Mr. Lyon's political management proves him to possess.

His social relations need not be mentioned here further than to say that he is a member of the Bar Association and of the Republican and Union League clubs.

NEW BUILDINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Naturally the influence of the elevator on the commercial architecture of Philadelphia has been less and later than its influence upon the commercial architecture of New York. In the one case the elevator was a commercial necessity; in the other, at most a commercial convenience. An amount of business second to that of very few capitals is by the conformation of Manhattan Island crowded into the narrowing peninsula below the City Hall Park and between the two rivers, and in this confined space it is necessary for a great many people to earn their living. Before the area was practically doubled by the invention of elevators, and while the height of buildings was restricted to five stories by the limit of endurance of the human leg, the inconvenience was extreme. Men engaged in extensive affairs were forced to content themselves with "desk room" in the offices of others, simply because there was no more room in the quarter they were compelled to inhabit during business hours. The telephone might have relieved this compulsion in some degree, but the telephone is an invention of considerably more recent birth than the elevator, and not so evidently the child of necessity. When the elevator was born, its adaptability to the architectural needs of New York was manifest at once, and the owners of real estate and the architects at once set to work to avail themselves of it, with the result of working a transformation in the aspect of "down-town" more complete in ten years than had been wrought in any period of fifty years before.

With Philadelphia the case was entirely different. Philadelphia has never suffered from lack of room, and most New-Yorkers have had the advantages accruing from this spaciousness brought to their attention by their Philadelphian acquaintances. There was not the same pressure as in New York for the enlargement of the business quarter in the only available dimension. Moreover, the New-Yorker asserts that the Philadelphian is as unrestricted in time as in space, and points to his preference for the chronic pastime of cricket over the acute spasms of base-ball to prove that as he is never in a hurry, the difference of a mile or so in his relation to the centre of traffic can be no real difference to him. Nevertheless, every commercial city must have a commercial centre, and nearness to this must be an advantage for which its men of business are willing to pay. In every city the elevator must influence commercial architecture.

It is perhaps fortunate for Philadelphia, considered architecturally, that the demand for more room, which the elevator supplies, is not so urgent as in New York. The difficulty of attaining unity in variety, of avoiding monotony on the one hand, and miscellany on the other, in the design of a building, manifestly increases with every increase in the number of the component parts. As every work of art, according to the Aristotelian precept, must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, the normal composition of a building is threefold, and consists, in its simplest expression, of a base, a superstructure, and a roof. Each of these parts may be subdivided, of course, but the greater the number of subdivisions, the more difficult it is to prevent confusion, and to preserve and emphasize the leading motive of the composition. Even if the New York reader finds this explanation a trifle pedantic, he cannot have failed to recognize and to sympathize with the struggles of the architects of his own city with elevator buildings, nor to note that the painfulness of these struggles increases with the number of the stories. So long as each principal division is confined to two or three stories, the problem seems comparatively simple, but when the question is of handling twelve or thirteen in all, the architect commonly finds it impossible to subjugate them to his scheme, and they escape and become unmanageable. The Philadelphian architect is fortunate in being subjected to a less severe strife, since eight stories appear to be about the maximum that is required of him. Perhaps that is the reason why the buildings chosen by our artist to exhibit the new commercial architecture of Philadelphia seem more coherent and purposeful in their general composition, and betray more evidences of design, in at least the sense of Paley, than most of the elevator buildings in New York. That they do so is, at any rate, undeniable. Very few of our towering commercial buildings go together so well as the Girard Trust Building, or the American Fire-insurance Building, or the Penn Mutual Building, in Mr. Lummis's representation of them. Each of these has its main divisions strongly marked, and there is in none of them the apparent indecision to which of these divisions each story should be assigned that is so often noticeable in the elevator architecture of New York.

So far this is a distinct gain, and possibly it is fortunate that the scale of the drawings does not admit of more than a rendering of the impression given by the main lines of the building. Such detail as is shown upon a larger scale scarcely fulfils the promise made by the more general views. A clever woman once defined the society of Philadelphia as a body of which a third of the members devoted themselves to shocking the two other thirds. However this may be, it is certain that the revolt against the red brick and white marble of the old Philadelphia has carried the architects of the newer Philadelphia to great lengths. If the conventional building of the city be somewhat tamer than that of other American cities, it must be owned that the emancipated architecture is apt to be wilder than that of other cities, at least in the Eastern States. Happily Philadelphia is not without many admirable examples to show that freedom and picturesqueness in design are not incompatible with dignity, and that ornament may be used profusely and yet with discretion.

GENUINE CAFÉS IN NEW YORK.

There are many small districts colonized by aliens in New York in which an American may experience the sensations of a person in a foreign land, but not any are so peculiar or so un-American throughout as the three or four so-called cafés on the east side, between Houston Street and the Central Park. In them one must furbish up what little he has ever known of German or of French in order to obtain the privileges prized by the habitués. Any of the Slav dialects would answer as well, perhaps, as French or German, but to go into one of these great club-like resorts with nothing better than English is to be certain of creating at least a mild sensation. The writer and a friend, when they went to one of these cafés, were no better equipped than was Harry the Fifth when he told his lady he could sooner conquer the French kingdom than speak its language. The consequence was that the waiters, and even some of the guests, eyed them askance from the doorways, as one might fancy a stranger would be looked at who happened in at a Nihilist resort in Russia, where every one who is not known is feared.

The café visited was the larger of the two on Second Avenue. It is lodged generously in what was once a great old-fashioned mansion, built in the days when four sets of the lancers could be accommodated in my lady's chamber, where now, alas! one cannot swing a cat. The smell of coffee—genuine coffee, by-the-way—salutes the visitor at the doorway, and quite as promptly he sees in the spacious hallway a number of little tables, at which men are drinking the aromatic infusion. In what was the parlor the walls are lined with narrow slanting shelves, on which are arranged copies of the principal newspapers and periodicals of all the nations of Europe, two hundred being subscribed for by the proprietor. There are billiard-rooms and men at play in them; chess sets are in use here and there; and what was once the enclosed porch has become a restaurant, where the principal meal served is a *table d'hôte* dinner at thirty cents. But the two hundred foreign newspapers betray the secret of the place. It is, if one might coin the expression, a news library for men of the nationalities that the periodicals represent. These men live in America, but are not weaned from a keener interest in the lands they have left than in the one they have adopted. Even those who speak a little painful English still think in their native tongues. A common impulse, created by the journals from their native lands, brings the exiles together. They greet each other as almost relatives, and the same tender sentiment renders the café like home to each little band.

It is an orderly and an intelligent assembly that these printed messengers attract, and as one looks from one interesting face to another, the conviction forces itself on the mind that could the histories of these studious men be gathered nearly all would be worth retelling. Here are Austrians, Germans, Prussians, Poles, Swiss, Swedes, Danes, Russians, and Bohemians, nearly all at or beyond the middle-age, nearly all bearded and mainly distinguished by some peculiarity in their dress which seems odd to an American—here a velvet vest, there a pair of ear-rings in masculine ears, now a fob, and next a hand with its fingers all but covered with rings. With very little rein to one's fancy, we may pick out of the assembly a scion of some titled family sent to Coventry in America; beyond in the next room an exile of '48, white-haired and none too prosperous, but eagle-eyed and carrying his head high, as befits a man who has dared and suffered bravely.

We ask the proprietor to give us his opinion upon the question why such places might not be established for Americans, and with some hope of success. He replies that he makes no doubt that the more intelligent among those of our countrymen who cannot afford to belong to clubs, could in time be educated to support similar resorts, but that all his customers have been used to just such places from their childhood, no matter from what country they hail. As he finishes speaking, a youth steps up and says something in which *geld*, the German word for money, is the only one that the visitors recognize. "Has he no money, poor fellow?" "Oh yes, indeed," the proprietor replies; "just look at his face once. See how happy he is! He tells me that in the Leipsic papers just received, he reads that his number in the government lottery has won a high prize."

WITH THE HOUNDS ON STATEN ISLAND.

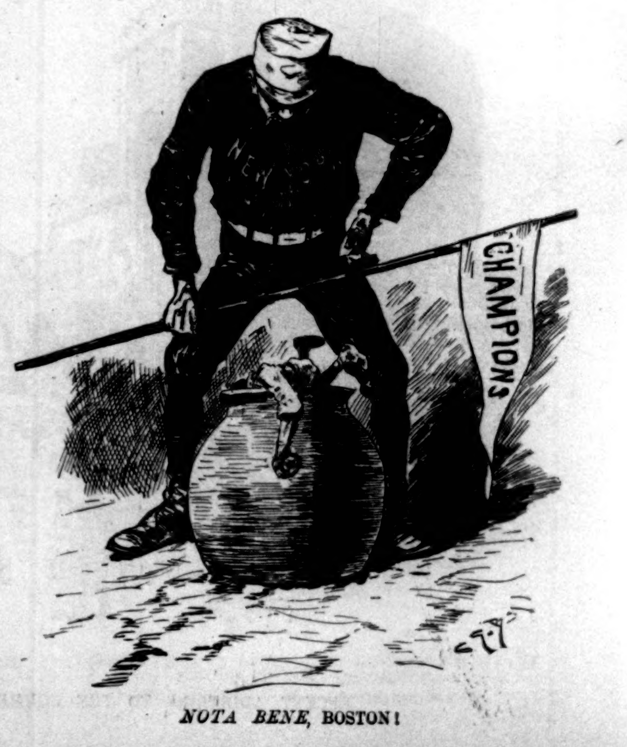
Last week the Richmond Country Club entertained the Rockaway Hunt Club, and held two meets with the hounds. The one of Wednesday was followed by a hunt ball, and that of Saturday by a huntsmen's dinner at the club-house.

The run of Wednesday began at four o'clock. The draw was made in a field near the junction of the Clove and Richmond roads. When the hounds started, followed by fifty mounts, the sight was enough to stir the American sporting blood, and make all long to be hunters. The day was cool and clear—an ideal autumn day. The horses were dashing about as though they were old hunters, while the "old hunters" were quietly standing aside, awaiting the arrival of the huntsman. At the first fence many hesitated; many needed to. They who "got away" on good terms found the leaps higher and broader as they proceeded. The ground was soft after two days' rain, so that the take-off was often bad and the landing uncertain. The pack kept well to the scent without a check for fifteen minutes, and the line lay through ploughed fields, barn-yards, and apple orchards. It was some time before the hounds recovered their lost line, which led them back upon the Richmond road, among the vehicles and traps that were trying to keep up with the field. A dash was soon made in the direction of New Dorp, where the fences were found to be by many "unnegotiable." From this point the field grew smaller, as the involuntary dismounts increased, or discretion dominated the valor of the inexperienced. After a slight check at Garrison, there was steady riding for twenty-five minutes with fourteen jumps. The members of the Staten Island club do not as yet make any pretence to being good huntsmen. Following the hounds is a novel experience for them; but several were on hand to witness and imitate the clever jumping of the visitors, who rode with skill and valor. Some of their leaps were magnificent. The first whip jumped a lane, taking a four-rail fence on each side, three hunters took a gate four feet high, and the lady who received the brush was the constant companion of the master of the hounds.

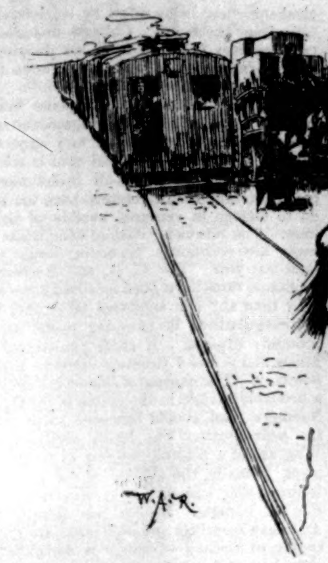
The ride across the Vanderbilt farm was over a stretch of grass, and the hottest race during the run, though the timber jumps out were stiff, and several came to grief. Had it not been for a check, few would have been in at the death, which occurred two miles beyond. The fox took to covert in the Grasmere woods, and it was some time before the chase was renewed, this time along the railroad track for nearly a mile, where Reynard was overtaken in a field not far from the station, after a chase of fifty-five minutes.

The ball at the club-house in the evening furnished a very graceful and enjoyable supplement to the day's sport. The house was decorated with maple leaves, orchids, and palms. While there was some dancing, the guests preferred to ride their day over again, and after supper to rest from it.

The hunt of Saturday was over what is known as the Northfield Course, and was an exceedingly hard one. The field at the start numbered nearly one hundred, but there were but six at the finish. Death there was none, for the fox took to a barn-yard and escaped. He has since been seen at various parts of the island, apparently inviting another chase.



NOTA BENE, BOSTON!



SIGNALLING A FREIGHT TRAIN IN THE STREET.

ODD CALLINGS IN NEW YORK.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

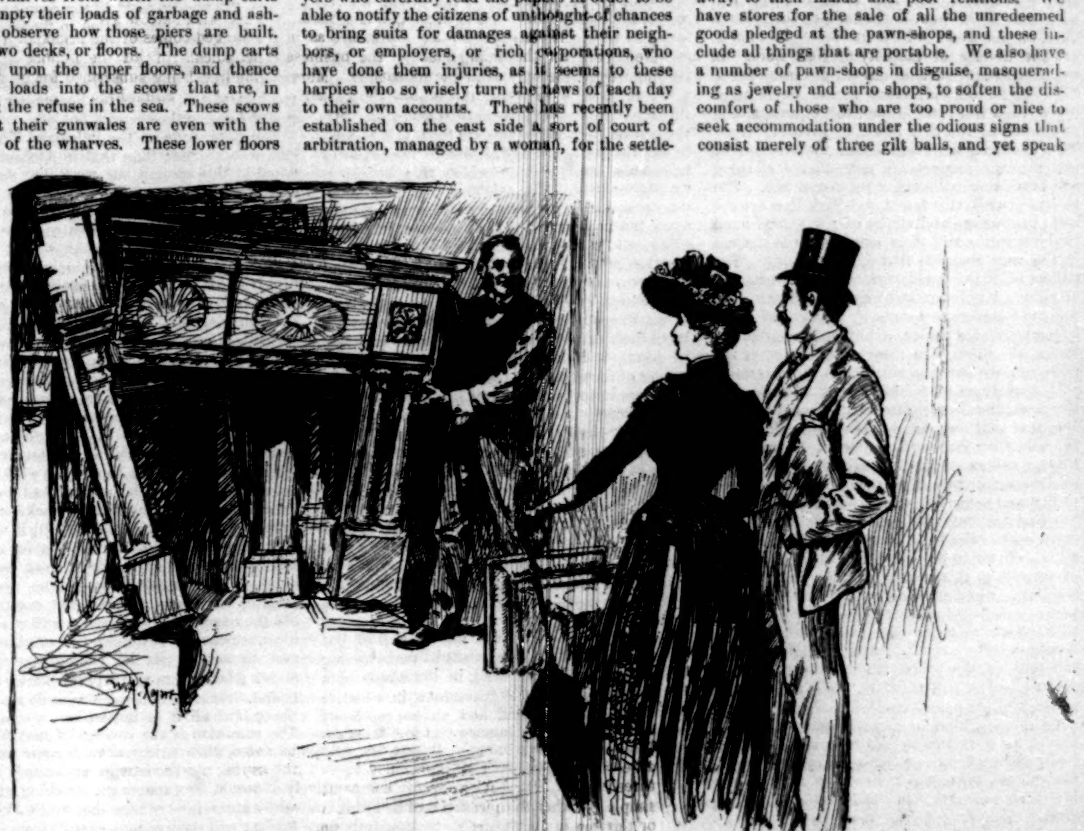
THE proverbial expression "man wants but little here below" must be considered as treating of man in the singular number. One man may want but little. Out on the Canadian prairie I asked the tenant of a sod house, five miles from his neighbors, what he wanted to make him perfectly happy, and after a moment's reflection, he said he did not know; he "guessed a kitten would do." He said he needed something to lessen his loneliness, and if he could not get a kitten, he would like a dog; or if not that, he would like the company of a man or boy. If none of these could be had, he said he would have to take to himself a wife. But the difference between a man and nearly three millions of men at a large port of entry like New York and its suburbs is tremendous. The necessities, whims, and tastes of so many souls create demands and offer opportunities of extraordinary variety. The suggestions they bring to ingenious minds and to idle hands would so amaze the man on the prairie, could he hear of them, that he would fancy us New-Yorkers to be of a different race from him. It would seem to him as the doings of the people of Saturn might appear to us.

Chance threw a German into the rocky region at the extreme upper end of Manhattan Island some years ago. He had no neighbors, no soil to improve, no trade to work at, nothing serviceable but a house and brain and pair of hands and the river and the rocks. That was a few years ago. To-day he catches fish and drift-wood from the river that flows past his door; he keeps ever so many dogs, by means of which he supplies certain leather-dressers with the means to cure their leather; he has fifty song birds, each in a separate trap, to call their comrades from the sky; and with a handcart he goes down-town once a week to buy old corsets of the ragmen. He buys them at a cent a pound, and bringing them home, picks them all to pieces, in order to sell the different assorted parts again for six cents a pound. This manipulation of worn-out corsets is his main business. Standing thus at the very portal of the big town, this queer genius points the way and prepares the mind for the strange exigencies of life and trade in the maze of streets beyond.

It seems to one who looks into the subject as though literally nothing is thrown away in New York except the garbage, and the very act of throwing that away is the means of maintenance to hundreds of laborers and to scores of boatmen, engineers, clerks, and others in the pay of the Department of Street Cleaning. The street sweepings are a commercial staple, and corporations thrive by dealing in that débris which the city will not remove—the refuse of carpenters and masons who build or alter houses. It would puzzle the average citizen what to do with the refuse plaster, the stone, the broken brick, and the odds and ends of lumber that he finds himself possessed of after the mechanics have done a piece of building work. But while he wonders, there steps up to him a man who says he is the agent of a company owning wagons, scows, and tug-boats, that will take away the refuse for a price. At the same time other agents of the company are seeking men who wish to have filled and redeemed the sunken or low lands that they own along the shores of our harbor or the East or North River. From such men these companies get pay over again for the refuse they have already been paid to take away. Sometimes there is a higher grade of builders' refuse to be disposed of. This interests those New-Yorkers who deal in second-hand buildings. It seems strange, but there are such. They contract to take a church, or a dwelling, or whatever sort of building it may be that is fated to make way for one of the towering structures of to-day. Taking the old building apart very carefully, they save the lintels, mantels, doors, window-frames, stairs, and the rest, clean the old bricks carefully, and put all the parts on exhibition in their yards uptown, precisely as other merchants display new wares in store windows.

In addition to all this business supplied in the streets by the natural operations of life and trade, there is still room for at least one man to earn a living by picking up what the others have not shovelled or swept away. This man, or rather these men—for I hear of another in Brooklyn—search the busiest streets at night by lantern-light. The car tracks, cross-walks, and gutters monopolize their interest. To see the man who searches Broadway at two or three o'clock in the morning narrowly scanning the stones recalls the stories once told in the cabins of Ireland about picking up gold in the streets of New York. This man believes those yarns, and his faith prospers him. He picks up the nickels, dimes, and dollars that the rest of us have dropped from horse-cars or shaken out of purses, and the bills we whip out of our pockets now and then by accident, in taking out other things to which they cling. He picks up brooches, rings, and all the things that dart from us, like liberated birds, when once a few stitches give way in our pockets. What is not found by such jack-o'-lanterns is searched for by the Italians on the street-cleaning dumps. What they miss, we give to Neptune. We do not give to the water-god as ostentatiously as the doges of Venice tossed him the periodic wedding-ring, but we give more generously—sufficient to make a mortal creature very rich.

The Italian contractors who furnish laborers to the Street-Cleaning Department are very thrifty persons. If the reader ever chances to be near one of the wharves from which the dump carts of the city empty their loads of garbage and ashes, let him observe how those piers are built. They have two decks, or floors. The dump carts are dragged upon the upper floors, and thence empty their loads into the scows that are, in turn, to sink the refuse in the sea. These scows float so that their gunwales are even with the lower floors of the wharves. These lower floors are the homes and work-places of motley, picturesque clusters of Italian men, women, and children. The babies play in the little kitchens that are built there, or upon the narrow string-pieces of the wharves, in imminent, nerve-disturbing peril of their lives. One in ten of the mothers cooks and sews; the other nine and all the men ransack the garbage as each wagon dumps its load. If they find money or jewelry, they are not apt to say that they have done so, even to their comrades; they pocket it. What else they find—rags, paper, glass, wire, iron, steel, rubber, bones—all goes in the proper heaps upon the wharves, for their employers to sell to those who will convert the substances into new material again.



DEALER IN SECOND-HAND BUILDING MATERIALS.

Poor ashes! How many overhaulings they get! Each barrel they are thrown into on the curb-stones has as many visitors as a village pump. The man who looks for old silk hats, to be made wearable again very readily, does not despise old shoes. The man who searches for old shoes, to be fixed up very showily and sold again for fifty cents or a dollar a pair, is not above taking an old tile if he finds one. The bone collector, whose findings are made into buttons, takes nothing else. The ragman, with his insinuating poker, is after paper as well as rags. The junkman casts a tender eye at the barrel as he passes, hoping that a chance bottle or bit of metal may meet his glance and return it, as it were. Easily a dozen sorts of men live by means of the ash barrels. The men who fix up for sale again the hats and shoes that have been rescued from the streets and the barrels display their vamped-up wares in cellars near the Five Points. They often sell them as stolen goods. They think that gives the articles an added value. "Yes, they are second-hand," they will say. "Dem vos stolen from hat racks in der halls of svell people uptown; der shoes are daken from der hall-vays of der Fifth Avenue Hotel, vhere der biggest men in der coundry haf set dem owd to be shined." Even the ends of cigars are gathered from the streets; some to be ground and made up into smoking tobacco by petty dealers, and some, I have heard—though I cannot vouch for this—to be boiled for the production of a tobacco essence, with which paper is saturated and made to serve as leaf tobacco in the very lowest grade of cigars.

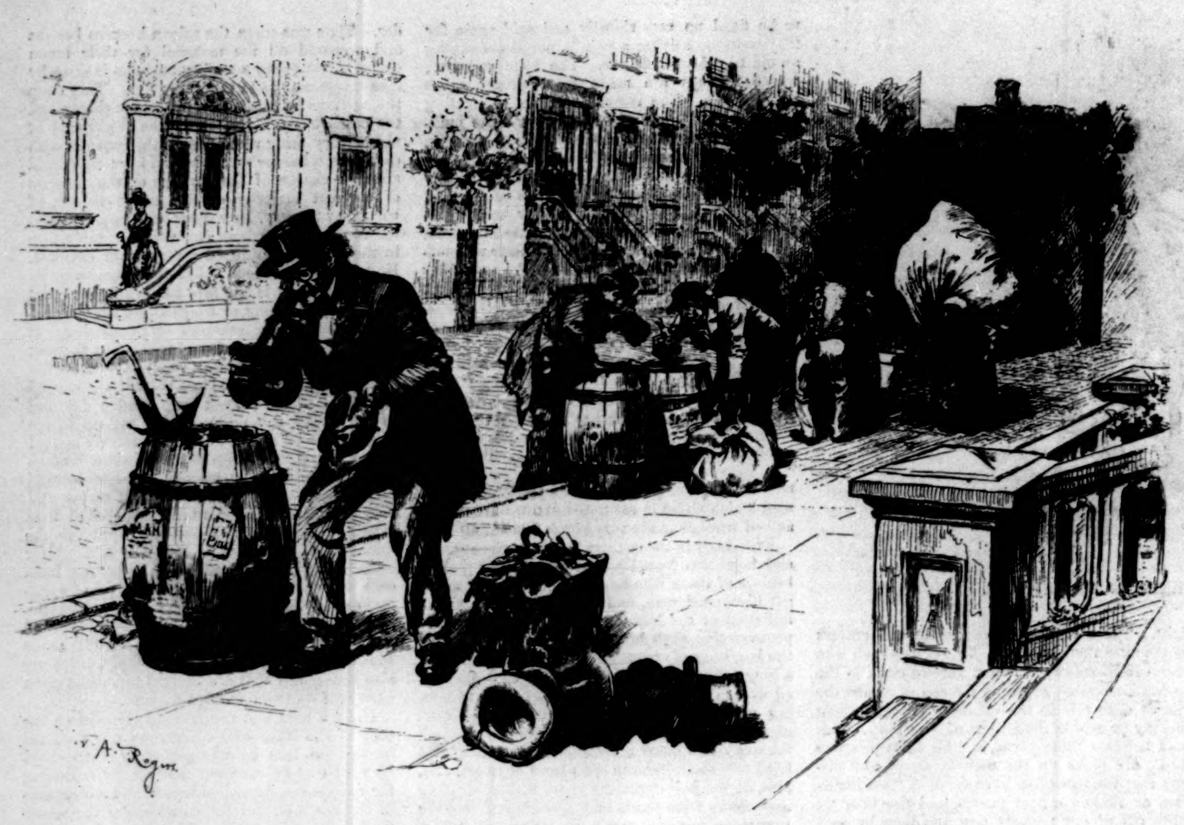
Everybody in the country knows of the humane and ingenious New-Yorkers who paint over the bruises of those who have had the misfortune to get blackened eyes, and who feel the moral humiliation or the inferential reflection upon their prowess that such bruises carry with them. In the language of commerce these eye restorers fill a long-felt want. So do the strong-lunged colored women who sell hot corn from kettles of boiling water on the uptown corners on autumn nights, and the men who patrol the city through the wee small hours after midnight peddling cold fried soft-shell crabs in the places of resort. So, also, do the half-dozen druggists who never close their doors from year's end to year's end, and the very many restaurateurs in the city whose tables prove that there are thousands of New-Yorkers who partake of an unclassified meal between midnight and breakfast. Allied with the human owls of the city in some vague way is the enterprising lawyer whose sign, adorning upper Broadway, proclaims "this office open all night."

There are other odd irregularities that have grown up on the borders of the practice of the law. In one of the down-town streets in a poor quarter of the town is the office of a lawyer connected with a charitable movement whose sign offers "legal advice free." Then there are the lawyers who keep runners at the city prisons to obtain clients among the hapless folks who find themselves in jail. And there are, also, the lawyers who carefully read the papers in order to be able to notify the citizens of unthought-of chances to bring suits for damages against their neighbors, or employers, or rich corporations, who have done them injuries, as it seems to these harpies who so wisely turn the news of each day to their own accounts. There has recently been established on the east side a sort of court of arbitration, managed by a woman, for the settlement out of the regular channels of the bar of disputes between citizens. The orthodox Hebrews of the city would not think that a novelty, however, for their rabbis perform that service for them habitually.

There are "free-lunch factories" in the town. In the establishments known by that name food is prepared for the many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of liquor stores whose owners set out, on tables or counters opposite their bars, more or less tempting arrays of edibles. The professional temperance orators, who miss no weak spot in the armor of those whom they consider the arch foes of society, have always asserted that nothing is offered at these free refreshment counters except such food as is so salt or so dry as to send the victimized participant in the feast back to the bar for more drink. Some basis for the assertion is seen in the omnipresent smoked mackerel, smoked herring, cheese, crackers, and smoked beef that the publicans offer, yet it may be that drinking begets a taste for such peculiar provender. Time was when the saloon keepers bought and prepared all the material for their lunch counters, but to-day a regular business is done by many large dealers in these supplies. They chop the herrings by machinery, cut up the cheese and the bread upon delivery, vary the assortment of viands they bring according as the contract with each saloon keeper warrants, and have entire and absolute charge of that branch of the business of a great majority of the public-houses, of which, by-the-way, New York city boasts about ten thousand. At least one dealer in table fare in the city has developed a very queer business. He buys whatever food is left over from the principal hotels. It is not fare which any one could object to his selling, or which those who patronize him need to be ashamed of purchasing. It is what is left of the joints of meat after the best cuts have all been taken, what is left of the pastry of the day at the close thereof, the cooked vegetables which will not keep another day, and so on. When this man's wagons roll up to his basement door, in the heart of a thickly settled neighborhood, his house is besieged by women and children carrying baskets. His tables and counters are quickly burdened with dishes and plates and boards, upon which this cooked food is heaped, and he and his assistants apportion the commodities according as they are paid. Fifty cents buys a large basketful with something from each dish in the portion. For a quarter of a dollar there is less in quantity and variety to be had. Those who only offer ten cents get only meat and bread. Alas! he says that though for fifty cents whole families get a plentiful supply, there are also households that are obliged to subsist upon what half that sum entitles them to.

I met a bent and decrepit old German on the edge of the Hackensack meadows one day, and he told me that he was gathering water-cress. He said that he eked out a living by searching for water-cress, dandelion leaves, and mushrooms in the summer, and for corks along the water-front in the winter. He said he was by no means the only man who lived by the same industries. Second-hand corks, originally of high quality, and that have not been too long exposed to sun and water, bring in a pretty penny, he said. But at the mention of the word "second-hand" what a vista of irregular pursuits is opened to the mind's eye of the well-posted New-Yorker! We have stores for the sale of second-hand building materials, as I have said, of second-hand clothing of all suits, of second-hand jewelry, furniture, machinery, tools, ship fittings, books; we have (and very close to Fifth Avenue) a dealer in those elegant and costly gowns which very wealthy and fashionable ladies have not dared to appear too often in, and which they are too thrifty to give away to their maids and poor relations. We have stores for the sale of all the unredeemed goods pledged at the pawn-shops, and these include all things that are portable. We also have a number of pawn-shops in disguise, masquerading as jewelry and curio shops, to soften the discomfort of those who are too proud or nice to seek accommodation under the odious signs that consist merely of three gilt balls, and yet speak volumes to the beholder's eye. We have places where men too poor to buy dress suits, and yet needing them for special occasions, may hire them for a night. We have tailors who sell clothing on instalments, and within a month a comparatively large bazar, or ladies' shopping store, has been distinguished by advertisements that proclaim an instalment business in ladies' dresses and underwear and men's and children's clothing. One large outfitter for men in Brooklyn buys back in two or three months each suit of clothing he has sold, and scours and presses it to sell it over again to poorer customers.

There is an enterprising man in town who makes a Punch and Judy show return him a living and lead him an active life. He rents it and himself out to children's parties in private houses, and to exhibitions and entertainments in schools, Sunday-schools, on excursion boats, in picnic-grounds, and wherever else the ever-fresh appetite for amusement is to be served in that way. Among those "professional humorists," against whom



MAKING A LIVING OUT OF THE ASH BARRELS.

Mr. Gilbert warns the world in his opera of *The Mikado* are several who live by engaging themselves to perform in private dwellings, usually as guests and presumptive friends of the host. On their rounds they frequently meet skilful practisers of legerdemain and soloists, story-tellers and pianists. They know better than any one else how many—often worthy persons—gain livelihoods in these ways, and how many of these performers have made our parlors their stepping-stones to the stage.

The "puller-in" is one of the species of New-Yorker whom age does not wither nor custom stale. Just as ore or coal is found to exist in beds that often follow narrow and well-defined lines, so the New York puller-in is observed to exist in a reasonably straight, very narrow, and not over-lengthy seam or streak beginning at the Five Points, following along Baxter Street, turning at Park Row, and losing itself or terminating at the end of the first block in Division Street. The superficial signs that denote the existence of this peculiar product are second-hand clothing and brand-new millinery at popular prices. The pullers-in of Baxter Street and Park Row are the male proprietors and clerks of the second-hand clothing stores, and their neighbors, the dealers in the very cheapest first-hand clothing. The pullers-in of the millinery stores are all women or girls. A puller-in is, of course, a person who brings customers to a store by strength of arms, a commercial wrestler, a physical spellbinder. There are those who assert that although the pullers-in are never missing from the sidewalks of the sickle-shaped route along Division, old Chatham, and Baxter streets, it is none the less true that they now use no other force than that of seductive tone and argument to engender trade. Others assert that pulling-in is only more circumspectly carried on than in those days of yore when it was all a poor man's clothes were worth to attempt to free himself from these octopus-like salesmen. There is good reason for all fair efforts to lull the public back to a feeling of security in this respect, for not long ago the popular complaints were so loud, and the fights between dealers for the capture of citizens were so energetic, that the lively calling fell into disrepute in its own seat and stronghold. Whatever the state of the profession may be to-day, the athletic clerks still stand or walk before their stores, and the people still call them pullers-in.

Quite as peculiar, in a totally different way, are the clever men and women who are known as "pricers," and who are employed by the proprietors of the great shopping stores to learn the prices at which their competitors are offering goods. These "pricers" must be very talented, experienced, and judicious specialists. They must be able to judge of the quality and brand of an article, as well as to discover its selling price. They must hide their business from those they spy upon as carefully and ingeniously as a detective works among criminals. They must pretend to be shoppers, messengers from invalids wanting samples, eccentric ladies who scarcely know what they want, and so ask about many things. They must in some cases work in one great store and draw salaries from two, the second salary being their pay for acquainting a rival with their employer's business.

A store for the sale of photographs of celebrities does not at first seem an extraordinary establishment, yet the great city is only able to support that one. Many attempts to divide the business have failed. One matrimonial bureau, also, seems to suffice in its peculiar line; and although there are citizens who think there are too many hand-organs in New York, it remains none the less a fact that the city supports only one hand-organ maker and repairer.

But rich as the subject is the reader's interest would flag were the list of "odd callings in New York" exhausted. The end is not yet in sight, so I will make an arbitrary close to the study. One speculator who should not be slighted is the young Chinaman in Brooklyn who has married a Christian girl and speaks English like any of us. His calling is that of an agent for the Chinese colony. He rents laundries for his countrymen, and drives bargains of every sort between them and the Caucasians around them. His capital lies in the fact that they cannot speak English and he can. Among the Chinese there is also one who reports the news of the colony for the New York newspapers. Of the men and women who live by writing letters for the ignorant there is no need to say much. Such is the case concerning those who advertise to teach illiterate folks suddenly grown rich the usages of polite life, the rudiments of a superficial education. Of the private post-offices all over town it is enough to say that they are not all within the realm of honorable enterprise, to which this article is mainly confined. The existence and business of the various sorts of "spotters," who test and spy upon the honesty of cashiers, conductors, ticket sellers, and others, need not have more than mere mention here. The sign-board with the legend "Destroyer of Moths," so conspicuous on Twenty-third Street, explains itself. The queer day nurseries, where poor mothers who go out to work leave their babies from morning until night, will be described in another chapter, and so will the calling of those men, in the employ of the wholesale store-keepers, whose duty it is to escort about the metropolis lady customers from other cities. The two "clippings" firms that make it their business to send to public men all newspaper articles in which those men's names appear are believed to be peculiar to New York, among the cities of this country, at all events. And last of all there is that Bowery establishment whence circulars are sent to every address mentioned in the death notices in each day's papers, calling attention to a novel plan for turning affliction into a source of revenue. The circulars inform the bereaved that not every one can afford a monument or even a gravestone for their dead, but that all can have a better means of perpetuating the memory of the beloved, in the shape of a framed lithograph of a gravestone, in which a portrait of the departed and an appropriately doleful rhyme will be inserted "at low rates for cash."

WALL STREET VERSUS THE COUNTRY.

The sentiment that has radiated from Wall Street the last few weeks has not been cheerful. Fortunately it has not influenced the current of affairs beyond the limits of the street; nor should it do so, since the events that have made the Stock Exchange and its environs "the only blue spot in the country," as Mr. Jay Gould is fond of describing it upon his return home from occasional trips through the Southwest, have been peculiar to it, and with one exception their effect has been local. The exception is the decline in the price of Atchison railroad stock. The recent steady decline has carried the price from about $45 to less than $27 per share. It marks a fresh spasm of liquidation, of which there have been several since the stock sold at $118 a share in June, 1887. It may be remembered that the high prices for it that were recorded in the summer of 1887 were the result of an increase in the dividend rate from 6 to 7 per cent. per annum. The purpose of that increase was well known at the time it was made, namely, to aid the company in raising money, partly through sales of stock, to complete extensions of its system which had already begun to drag it down. It is well to recall such incidents when their full and inevitable effect is being felt, for the lesson of false financing that they teach cannot be too thoroughly learned. The distress that has been entailed in this case is perhaps more widely felt and more serious than in many others of its kind, because the new securities of the Atchison company were floated in Boston, where they were largely disposed of to New England investors of moderate means. The expectation is general that in a day or two the management of the company will submit a plan of reorganization to the security holders. That plan, if properly drawn, should indicate very clearly what chance of recuperation remains to the stockholders. Already the gross receipts of the system for September have suggested hope to the security holders.

The liquidation in the industrial Trust stocks has been sharper than that in Atchison, but, as noted in this column last week, the damage has been comparatively limited; that is, the rich men who count upon making a profit upon the distribution of Trust certificates have been the principal sufferers. The money that has been lost in those certificates would, in the main, have been risked in Wall or in State Street anyway. Hence the gloomy feeling that finds expression in both financial centres. The speculation in securities has for a long time been so narrow that the dropping out of a fairly large operator, or the crippling of several heavy traders, is regarded with genuine regret. The two events mentioned have, in connection with other and more general conditions that now seem to be changing for the better, given a decidedly bearish tendency to the stock-market. For at least three weeks the only aggressive force in the market has worked for lower prices. The holders of stocks on margins have been hampered sentimentally, if not actually, by the condition of the market for call loans. Money was very active for a week before and another week subsequent to the first of the month; but it was not stringent, nor fortunately did the commercial community suffer any special inconvenience. Yesterday the stock-market began to act as if the selling movement had struck a level from which prices were likely to rebound. Such movements always do reach a point beyond which it is impossible to crowd them. The condition is the reverse of that which may be noted when prices have become inflated and the buying power virtually exhausted.

It would be expecting something at variance with natural laws to hope that the Stock Exchange market will recover immediately from the shocks it has received. A sudden decline of $15 a share in an active stock like Atchison, of $20 a share in a speculative favorite like Sugar Refineries stock, and of $13 a share in certificates that have become as widely distributed as those of the American Cotton Oil Trust, weakens a large number of people. Besides, confidence is impaired, and would-be buyers are repelled by anything approaching demoralization in Wall Street. Time is required for the development of new speculative conditions and the growth of a different sentiment. Prices may cease going down, but the momentum of a selling movement is not expended at once. Once it becomes fashionable to buy or to sell stocks, there are some dealers who always stick to the fashion, just as certain people wear their clothes from one season into another.

It seems worth while just now to question if a turning-point is not at hand. Money, one of the most important factors in all business operations, is becoming easier. The Treasury's purchases of bonds are all that could be desired, and the demands upon this centre from the interior are slackening and being offset by receipts of cotton bills from the South. Chicago and the important territory tributary to it are helping themselves admirably this year, doing more business with less assistance than ever before. London bankers are pretty certain to take more gold from us for their special engagements in South America, but probably not a very large amount. General business is good, and that is one reason the country is leaving Wall Street alone. Its merchants and manufacturers have too much to do to engage in ventures outside of their own lines. The railroads, despite complaints of low rates, are constantly reporting larger receipts than last year. The C., B., and Northern's unprofitable rates have been localized more successfully than any one supposed they could be, and all irregularities in handling traffic are being promptly exposed. If swift punishment would follow, the railroad situation would be highly satisfactory. The closing of inland navigation, and a probable change in the status of the C., B., and Northern road, should influence stock values in the near future. The latest advices from the West are of a possible scarcity of freight equipment. Finally, the volume of our export trade is increasing without any corresponding expansion of imports. London has stopped selling American securities and buys moderately, and the course of sterling exchange is downward, as it should be at this season.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Saturday, October* 12, 1889.

VERY UNBECOMING.

Lovely tints in the wrong place are reft of their charm. A lemon-colored countenance—the peculiar endowment of our pig-tailed brethren who "hit the pipe"—is unbecoming. It suggests bile going astray, and the inference is correct. Pain beneath the ribs and shoulder-blades, constipation, dyspepsia, furred tongue, and sick headaches supplement this indication of the bilious. For liver complaint and its multifarious symptoms, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an infallible specific. It relaxes the bowels sufficiently, but without griping or violence. To the secretion of bile it gives a due impulse, but banishes an excess of that saffron-colored principle from the blood. Sick headaches, sourness of the breath, and fur upon the tongue disappear when it is used. It renews digestion, fortifies the system against malaria, counteracts a rheumatic tendency, and remedies inaction of the kidneys.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

The Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM
Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.–[*Adv.*]

At this season of the year the system needs a mildly stimulating tonic. Nicholson's Liquid Bread is recommended by all leading physicians.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.–[*Adv.*]

CHAPPED HANDS AND ROUGH SKIN
Impossible if you use Cornell's Benzoin Soap, 25 cts. Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters is known all over the world as the great regulator of the digestive organs.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

Professor Gauthier, of Paris, states that certain vital processes of the body develop putrefying substances in the tissues, which, if not speedily eliminated, produce disease. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effects the removal of these substances, and thereby preserves health.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

SILVER MINING AT ZACATECAS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

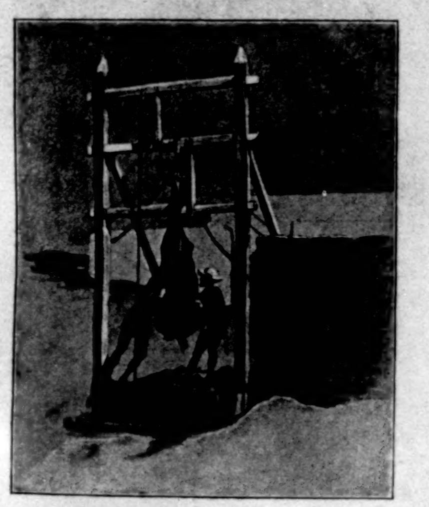
I.

FORTY or fifty miles west of the Sierra Madre a detached group of mountains rises from the great plain of central Mexico; tucked away in certain folds and creases of which mountains, at an elevation of 8000 feet above the level of the sea, is the city of Zacatecas, with a population of upward of 30,000 souls.

As seen from the railway that winds along the mountain-side above it, the city seems to be wedged into the depths of a long, irregular, winding ravine, and the impression is given that life in so strait a place must be cramped and comfortless. But this impression is lost when once the city is entered; and as one walks through the relatively broad streets, broken by many *plazuelas*, there is no feeling of being shut in. But all the streets are crooked and hilly, and those running laterally have a marked tendency to become stairs. Excepting the tram cars (which acquire goat-like faculties in these parts), wheeled vehicles practically are not used at all; a fact that renders the more unaccountable the presence in the Plazuela de San Juan de Dios of three or four ruinous structures, to each of which four totally ruined horses are attached, and in or near each of which a driver at all times may be seen most peacefully asleep. That these so-called carriages are for hire, could their drivers be aroused, is obvious, as is also the fact that nobody ever hires them. And as they thus forever stand idle, horses and vehicles each day drawing nearer to complete disintegration while the drivers slumber serenely on, they mark with a sharp emphasis the fact that Zacatecas is a city wherein the God-given legs of men and beasts do the work which elsewhere is performed by wheels.

Yet, in despite of the narrow space into which it is crowded, and the incommodities which its inhabitants thereby suffer, Zacatecas is a seemly and handsome city, for a great part of the vast store of treasure which through more than three centuries has been dragged forth from the mountains round about it has been used for its beautifying and adornment. With the porphyritic rock that constitutes the principal part of the formation of the region is found associated a fine red sandstone that works easily, and that hardens and grows darker and richer in tone upon exposure to the air. Of this handsome material the churches, the public buildings, and the better class of private houses have been constructed; and some of the stone-work—as the elaborately wrought façade of what was the parish church, now the cathedral—is marvellously fine. The custom-house, formerly the *Caja Real*, or Royal Treasury, and the mint—built by the miners that their silver might be coined into money at home, without the risk and heavy cost incident to the long journey to the capital—are buildings which would command respect anywhere by reason of their massive elegance; and many of the private houses, while not especially impressive from without, are wonders of stately magnificence within.

But it has been upon the churches and upon the convents connected with them—these last relegated to secular uses now—that the wealth of the Zacatecanos has been most lavishly expended. For the miners of former times very devoutly believed that through saintly intercession they came by their richest strikes; and so willingly paid to the Church, the duly accredited fiscal agent upon earth of these heavenly benefactors, a very liberal commission. And many a jolly miner, who from the day that he struck it rich had cultivated a high stomach, and otherwise had demeaned himself as anything but a child of light, made his peace with Heaven in his last hour by leaving to the Church a noble slice of the wealth that he no longer could make merry use of in prodigal roistering. So it has come to pass, in one way or another, that many millions have been spent upon church building and convent building in this little city; and the buildings thus created are beautiful, with the massive, heavy, stately beauty that is characteristic of a certain type of the women and of all the non-Moorish architecture of Spain.



THE WATER-HOIST.

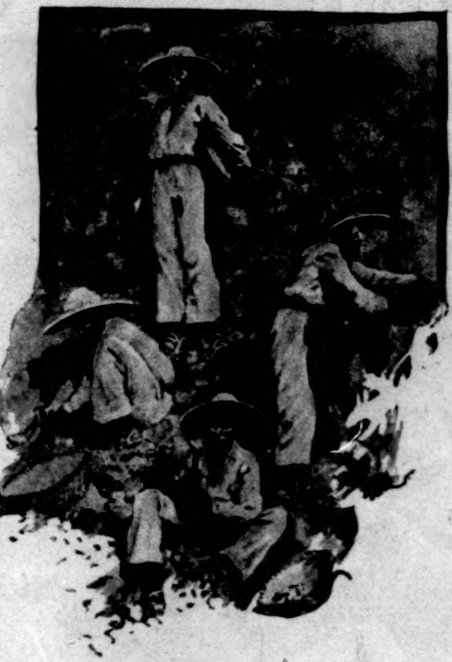
And as all of these noble churches and great convents and impressive edifices for public and private use, together with a vast jumble of little houses—built for the most part of a rich red-brown *adobe*—wherein dwell the common folk, are packed confusedly in the depths of the winding ravine and upon many terraces which range the mountain-sides; and as over all rise majestically the mountains, their flanks laden with the huge fortress-like structures in which the work of silver reduction is carried on, the result, as a whole, is one of the most picturesque cities that are to be found anywhere upon the face of the globe.

Moreover, in common with thriving mining towns everywhere, Zacatecas at all times is stirred with a brisk quickness. Its streets are crowded; its many shops, filled with an abundance of rich stuffs and useful wares, are opened early and are closed late; its inhabitants move with the energetic celerity of folk who have business of importance to transact; and the general air of the place is that of an eager, bustling little city that has much to do and feels itself to be short of time.

II.

Yet for all its bustle and activity, there is about Zacatecas, at least in certain quiet corners of it—such as the little Alameda, made terrace-fashion, and the quiet plazuela, where pottery is sold, and where the somnolent coachmen spend their slumbrous lives—a reposeful manner that comes alike to men and to cities with the weight of years. Nor is this obvious fine flavor of antiquity at all misleading, for the city actually is nearly three hundred and fifty years old.

"This region," writes the Franciscan chronicler Fray José Arlegui (*tempo*, 1736), "was discovered September 8, 1546, by Don Juan de Tolosa, son of the never-conquered Vizcayan province of Guipúzcoa. To him the Indians then told of the rich mines here hidden in the earth's entrails; whereupon this gentleman, so brave and so noble that he would not enjoy selfishly his great good fortune alone, delayed his entry into possession of this rich land that others, his countrymen of Vizcaya, might share with him in its ownership. And those for whom he sent to be partners with him were Don Diego de Ibarra, Don Cristóbal de Oñate, and Don Baltazar de Bañuelos. Which friends in time coming to him, the four together, in the year 1548, entered into and possessed the land. And on the 11th of June, being the day of San Bernabé, they opened the first mine, which was called by this saint's name; and on the day of All-Saints following was opened the mine of Pánuco. Then began they to cut into the veins of silver, and so great was the treasure that they took thence that they remained thenceforward the richest men in all America—a truth which is confirmed over all the earth, because, being noble and generous, they then conquered at their own cost many new provinces for God and the King.



BREAKING AND SORTING ORE.

"And also many great deeds of charity did they do, of which most notable is that which was done by Don Cristóbal de Oñate. This most generous gentleman, living in the city of Zacatecas, caused to be hung in the court-yard of his house a great bell, whereof the ringing could be heard a long way off. And by the ringing of this bell he called to sit at meat with him each day at noon, in free hospitality, all within sound of its clangor. Nor did this magnificent munificence extend over but a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, but throughout all his lifetime, even until the very end of his days. This, truly, is a generosity the like of which is unknown in all the ages of the world. For while in the pages of history, both divine and profane, we read of many noble banquets freely given, these were but the generosity of a single day, or, at the most, of a short series of days. But only of one city and of one man can it be said that throughout a lifetime a bell called loudly to all within sound of it to be partakers of a free feast each day; and the city is this city of Zacatecas, and the man was Don Cristóbal de Oñate, son of the noble province of Alava!"

In the main, the good Fray José—who writes with such relish and admiration of these fine free dinners that he was born into the world a century too late to get the good of—is accurate in his statements; but it is probable that he gives Don Juan de Tolosa undue credit in asserting that he kept his hands off the silver until he was joined by his three friends. The first mines probably were opened in 1547, for the formal founding of the town took place January 20, 1548. That the output from the mines immediately was very great, and that the population rapidly increased, is shown by the fact that within thirty years from the date of its founding as a town a royal ordinance issued (January 8, 1585) by which Zacatecas was raised to the rank of a city.

Through all the years which have passed since the mine of San Bernabé was opened, excepting certain periods during the war for independence, and now and then when a revolution has stopped work for a while, the extraction of silver ore has gone on. The output has varied greatly. Sometimes two great mines together have been in bonanza, and have fairly flooded the city with money; sometimes all the mines at once have been working in poor rock, and the finances of the citizens have run extremely low. But the essential fact is that the supply of silver never has failed entirely, and remains unexhausted at the present day.

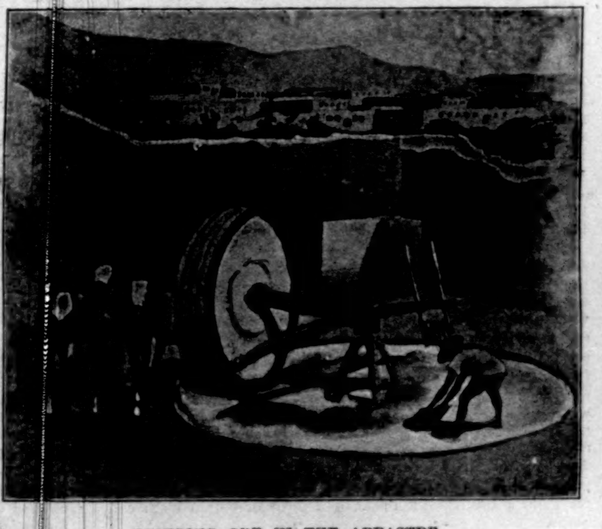
III.

In regard to the mining laws of Mexico, it is sufficient to state in this place that the code—originating in royal ordinances, and modified in later times with a wise conservatism—is admirably just and well conceived. It is especially excellent in the matter of determining at the outset the ownership of each claim. Conflicting claims are decided upon before either is recorded, and as the proceedings are careful and impartial, the record is rarely disputed. As the result of this wise method, litigation in regard to the primitive ownership of mining property is almost unknown. The law also prescribes that when work—either productive or dead work—altogether is suspended for a specified time, the mine thus neglected becomes abandoned, and is free to any one who desires to claim it anew. Very many mines, out of which great quantities of silver have been taken in past times, lie thus abandoned and open to new claimants at the present time, the point having been reached where the inflow of water was greater than the lifting capacity of the primitive machinery employed for water hoisting. It has been asserted with great unanimity by writers upon Mexican affairs that these abandoned mines truly are worthless, because no attempt has been made by Mexican capitalists to reopen them; and foreign capitalists are warned against the efforts of sanguine promoters who from time to time try to float a company that is to reopen an old mine and make a fortune for everybody. As an illustration in point, the case of the English investors who half a century ago lost several millions of pounds in Real del Monte usually is cited, and the similar case of the unsuccessful attempt on the part of an English company to work at a profit the Proaño Mine at Fresnillo has been brought forward in support of the same general proposition. Duport wrote in 1843: "We may draw the general conclusion from these experiments on a great scale that an abandoned mine more than 1000 feet in depth offers very little chance of gain to those who attempt to reopen it."

The warning against having anything to do with promoters of mining ventures in distant foreign countries will hold good, of course, always; but M. Duport's generalization, which was entirely sound in 1843, admits now of some modification. The building of railroads, by which the transportation of mining machinery at a moderate cost has been rendered possible, and the opening of coal mines in the state of Coahuila, by which the hitherto enormous cost of fuel has been materially reduced, have resulted in the development of new economic conditions in Mexico that scarcely can fail to be felt most sensibly in connection with mining enterprise. The Mexicans, who are shrewd business men, as well as excellent miners, very wisely have suffered the loss entailed by attempting to reopen waterlogged mines to fall upon foreigners; but now that foreign capital has provided them with relatively cheap transportation, and has developed for them a native supply of relatively cheap fuel, it is highly probable that they will not invite further assistance—since such assistance would involve a division of profits—in reclaiming and redeveloping their abandoned property.

At Zacatecas water always has been the miner's worst enemy. Until comparatively recently pumps were entirely unknown in this region, and even now they are used in but a few of the richest mines. So long as the working is above the valley level (supposing the output of the mine to warrant the employment of this expensive method), drainage is effected by driving a lateral tunnel (*socavon*) from outside the mountain to the bottom of the main shaft. When this plan is not or cannot be adopted, the water is hoisted to the surface in great leather bags, holding about a ton of water each, by means of a windlass (*malacate*) worked by horse-power. This is not really the utterly slow and hopeless operation that it seems to be, for the horses move at a brisk trot, and every portion of the work is performed with all possible celerity; yet even when managed most effectively, it obviously is incapable of keeping under control the water in a wet and deep mine. The enormous cost of this method is shown by the record preserved by Duport of the working of the Proaño Mine at Fresnillo. Here 2000 horses were employed in the water hoist, and the charges of all sorts against this service amounted to $14,000 weekly, which charges, notwithstanding the great cost of machinery and the high price of fuel, were reduced to $3000 weekly when pumps were put in.

Half a century ago a great project was set on foot by the then Governor of the state of Zacatecas for tunnelling the mountains on which the city stands from the level of the plain, 1500 feet below, and so providing for the mines a drainage system that would suffice for all time. But, as has happened in the case of many other useful projects in Mexico, persistent revolutions intervened, and Governor García's admirably conceived plan never was put into practice. Possibly it yet may be realized, and if it is not, a similar result may be secured by the use of pumps, with the re-



GRINDING ORE IN THE ARRASTRE.

sult, in all human probability, of winning from the now abandoned mines another series of colossal fortunes; for the fact is to be noted that work on most of these mines stopped, not because the ore gave out, but because the water came in.

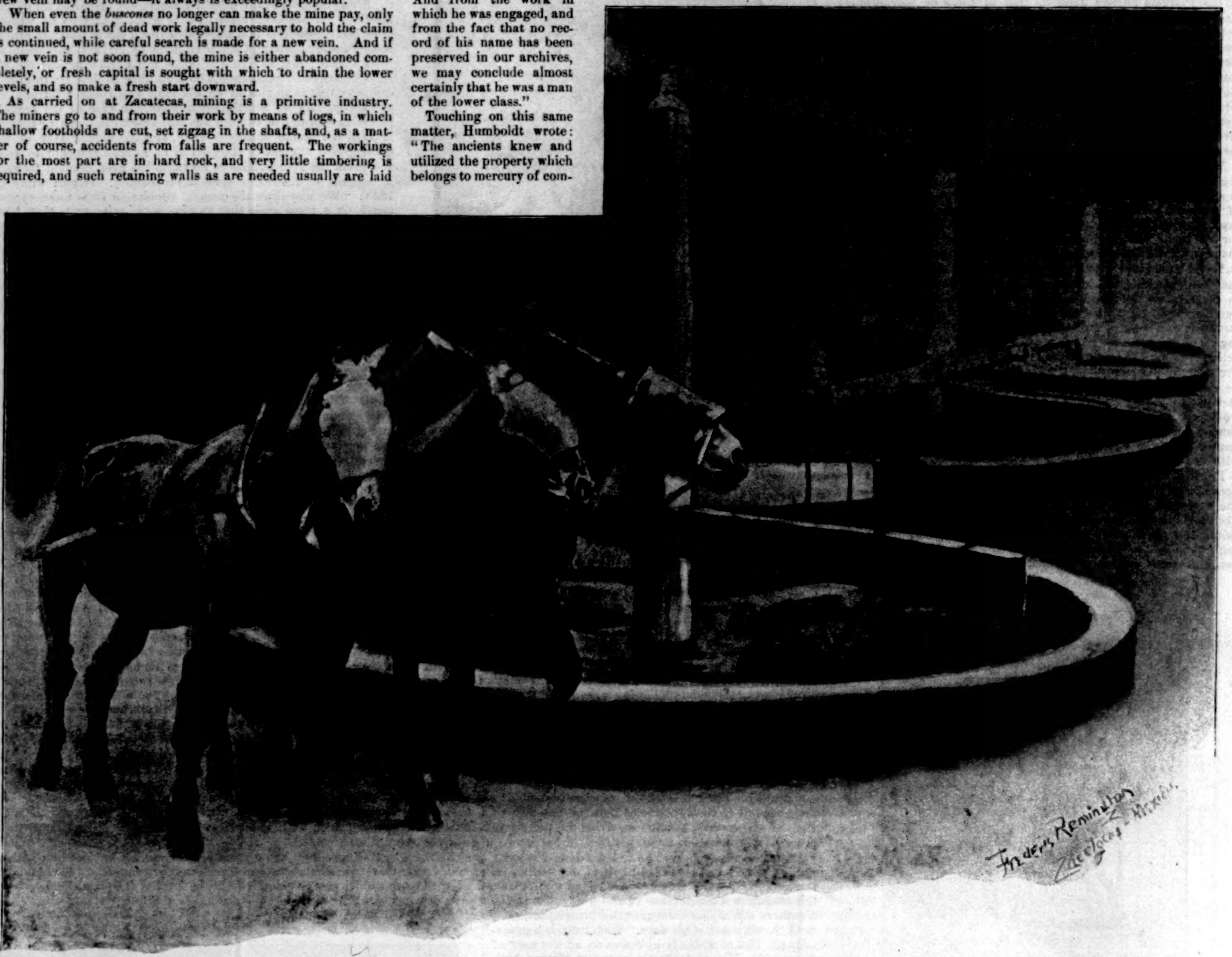
IV.

The happy times with the Zacatecas miners have been when a rich pay streak has been struck at such moderate depth as to make the extraction of the ore and the control of the water entirely practicable at a moderate cost. A mine in this fortunate condition is described as "in bonanza," and while the rich yield lasts, the money so easily gained is spent lavishly. At such times have been built the castle-like reduction-works (*haciendas de beneficion*) which are found so plentifully in and around the city; and costly dead-work, often out of all proportion to the permanent value of the mine, has been undertaken.

While the bonanza lasts, only the very rich ore is taken out; and when this is exhausted, if the mine then is sunk to a depth at which much water is encountered, the lower levels are abandoned and the poorer ore left standing above is removed. When the time comes in this less-prosperous season that wages and output are nearly equal, the miners cease to receive regular pay, and are set to work on the shares (*partidos*), receiving the sixth, third, or even half of all the ore that they can scratch out from the rock, while the owner provides hoisting power, tools, powder for blasting, and lights. The miners thus employed are called *buscones* (searchers), and as there is a decided flavor of gambling in this sort of work—for a rich pocket may be struck, or even a new vein may be found—it always is exceedingly popular.

When even the *buscones* no longer can make the mine pay, only the small amount of dead work legally necessary to hold the claim is continued, while careful search is made for a new vein. And if a new vein is not soon found, the mine is either abandoned completely, or fresh capital is sought with which to drain the lower levels, and so make a fresh start downward.

As carried on at Zacatecas, mining is a primitive industry. The miners go to and from their work by means of logs, in which shallow footholds are cut, set zigzag in the shafts, and, as a matter of course, accidents from falls are frequent. The workings for the most part are in hard rock, and very little timbering is required, and such retaining walls as are needed usually are laid up solidly in dry stone. As a rule, the under portion of the vein is first cut away, after which the upper portion is removed. For the most part common gunpowder is employed in blasting, but the stronger modern explosives are coming into use. The drifts usually are six to eight feet high, and from three and a half to six feet wide, but vary, of course, with the width or height of the vein. Adequate ventilation is made compulsory by law, but, as practical miners in the United States know, there is a good deal of mining law that never succeeds in getting down the shaft of a mine.



WASHING IN THE LAVADERO.

Two men usually work together in the drift. One of these, the *borneador*, holds and guides the drill (*barrena*), while the other, the *piqueador*, strikes it with the peculiar hammer (*pico*) that is used in the mines. (See illustration on page 843.) The miners wear in winter a blouse and trousers of coarse woollen cloth (*jerga*) re-enforced by the blanket (*zarape*) that is an integral part of every male Mexican's dress, a broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat of felt or straw, and the sandals (*guaraches*) of the country. In summer their dress usually consists of a pair of cotton trousers, and when a cotton blouse is not worn, the *zarape* is at hand to supply the deficiency. When at work in the low hot levels their dress mainly is conspicuous by its absence, for, in addition to their sandals, they wear only a hat with a narrow brim and crown of hardened leather, against which a candle is made fast with a lump of clay, and a breech-clout made of a piece of cotton cloth called *patio*.

The first separation of the ore takes place in the mine. Being thus assorted, it is carried on men's backs, or on the stretcher that throughout Mexico takes the place of a wheelbarrow, along the several levels to the main shaft, and thence is raised in bags holding from 600 to 800 pounds by means of a windlass of the same sort that is employed in the water hoist. The "metal," as the miners term the ore as it comes from the mines, is carried to the *patio de la peña* (literally, rock-yard), and there is broken and finally assorted. Thence it is removed to the reduction-works, where the process of treatment by amalgamation is carried on.

V.

Three methods of amalgamation are in use in Mexico: cold, or *beneficio de patio*; hot, or *beneficio de cazo*; and the Freiburg (the "barrel process"), or *beneficio de toneles*. In some few places highly refractory ores are smelted in small furnaces. The first of these methods, known as the patio process, is distinctively Mexican, and is almost universally employed. At Zacatecas the great *haciendas de beneficion* constitute one of the most striking of the city's characteristics.

Bartolomé de Medina, the inventor of the patio process, justly is regarded as the father of mining in Mexico; for the plan that he devised met all the conditions of the case in a way that no other known process of treatment would have done, and so made available the great mineral wealth not only of New Spain, but of all Spanish America.

Of this man—to whom, as Señor Baz has said, Mexico owes the honor of being "the first American nation whose name was made illustrious by the light of scientific discovery"—absolutely nothing is known beyond the bare fact that his invention was made while he was in charge of the mine of the Purísima, in Pachuca, in the year 1557. "That his origin was Spanish, and that his family was of Andalusia," writes Señor Sosa, "are facts indicated by his surname of Medina, which in Arabic signifies city, and by the epoch in which he lived. And from the work in which he was engaged, and from the fact that no record of his name has been preserved in our archives, we may conclude almost certainly that he was a man of the lower class."

Touching on this same matter, Humboldt wrote: "The ancients knew and utilized the property which belongs to mercury of combining itself with gold; and it seems certain also that before the discovery of America German miners employed mercury in working gold ores. But the amalgamation of silver ores, the ingenious manipulation that is now used in Mexico, and to which we owe the greater part of the precious metals now in Europe, dates no further back than the year 1557, and was invented in Mexico by a Pachucan miner named Bartolomé de Medina. At various times this invention has been credited to the Canon Enrique Garcés, who began in 1566 to treat with mercury the ore obtained from the mine of Huancavelica, and it has been credited also to Fernandez de Velasco, who in 1571 introduced the Mexican method of amalgamation into Peru; but by the documents which exist in the archives of the Despacho General de Indias, and according to the investigations of Don Juan Diaz de la Calle, there can be no doubt whatever that Bartolomé de Medina was its author."

In his comprehensive work on Mexican mining (1884) Señor Santiago Ramirez writes: "This system, notable for its simplicity, economy, ease of execution, applicability to various sorts of ores, and for the large amount of mineral that can be treated at one time, possesses very positive merits which speedily caused its general use. So early as 1562 there were in Zacatecas thirty-five *haciendas de patio*; Garcés employed it in 1566; and in 1571 Velasco introduced it into Peru. Improvements have been made in the method of pulverizing the ore; pure sulphate of copper in many *haciendas* is employed instead of magistral, and the series of experiments begun in 1853 in the National School of Mines has resulted in placing the process on a more strictly scientific basis. A still greater gain on the side of science has resulted from the invention of the mining engineer Manuel M. Contreras for accurately assaying the *torta*. But while thus modified and in minor ways improved, the process remains to-day essentially unchanged."

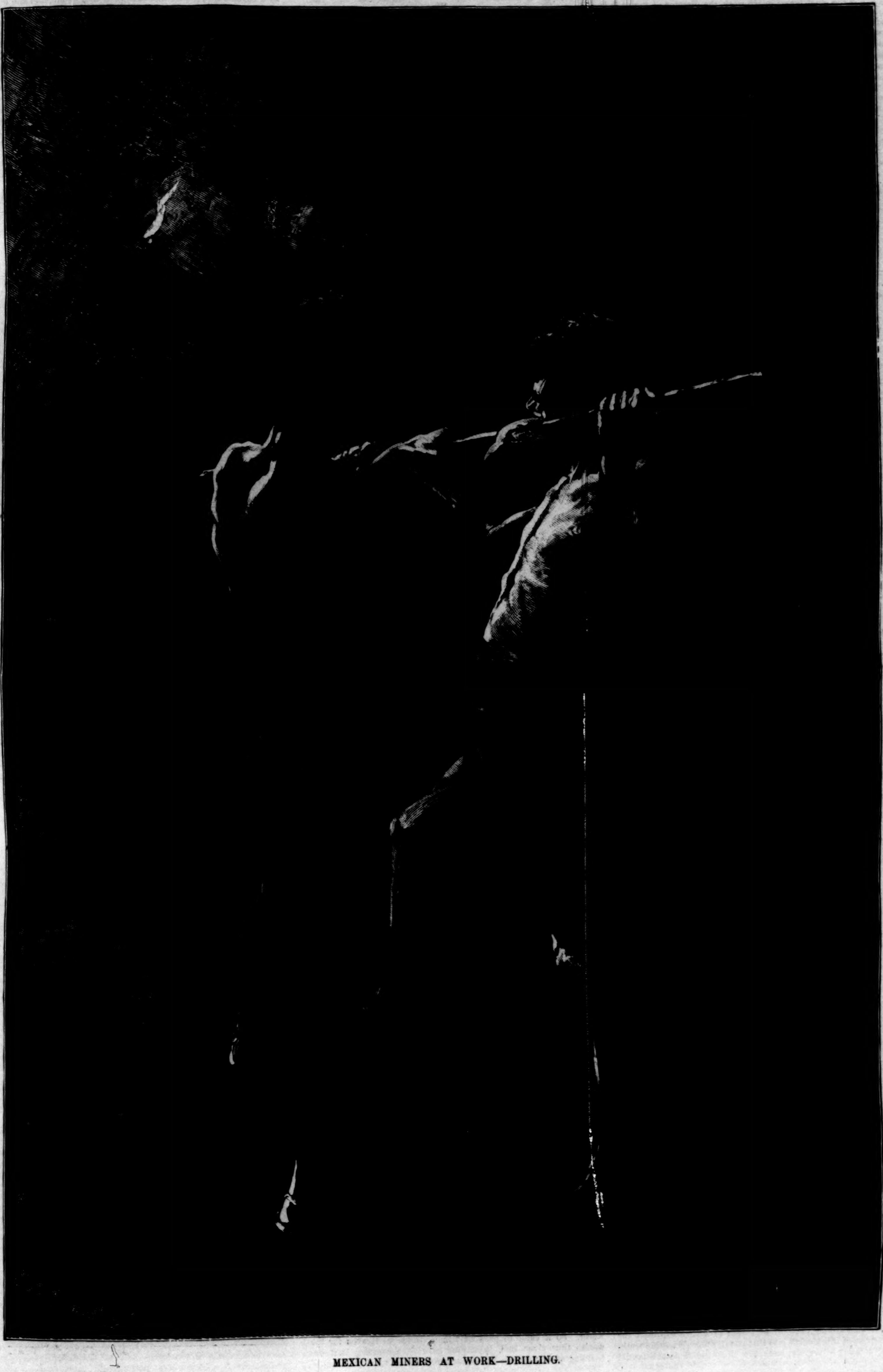
The first step in the process is crushing, performed either by hand with hammers, or by crushers ascending from primitive pestles and mortars of porphyritic rock to well-ordered stamps. The granulated ore is then pulverized in the antique form of mill called the *arrastre*, or *tahona*, that still is in use among the natives of India for grinding grain, and that in early times was introduced into Spain by the Moors. For ore grinding the *arrastre* consists of a shallow tank about ten feet in diameter paved with a hard porphyritic rock, in which a great stone, like a millstone set on edge, also of great hardness, is made to revolve by mule-power. The mules take very kindly to this work, and animals frequently are found who have worked steadily for periods of twenty and twenty-five years, and still are in good condition, save that they have become blind from the constant bandaging of their eyes. One man can manage from four to six *arrastres*, his work being mainly to check the disposition on the part of the mules to stand still and think, which is a way with mules, and to move the wet mass in the mill, so that all of it may pass equally under the crusher.

From the *arrastres* the pulverized ore passes to the *lameros* (shallow basins of stone-work), where it remains for a few hours, in order that the surplus water may be got rid of by evaporation, and the mass thus reduced to the consistency of thickish mud. When this condition is reached, it is carried to the *patio* (court-yard), where the most characteristic feature of the process is carried on. The yard is paved with tiles fitted closely together, and on this smooth surface the muddy ore is spread out evenly in a mass from eighteen inches to two feet deep. The charge, called a *torta*, varies in amount from fifty to eighty tons.

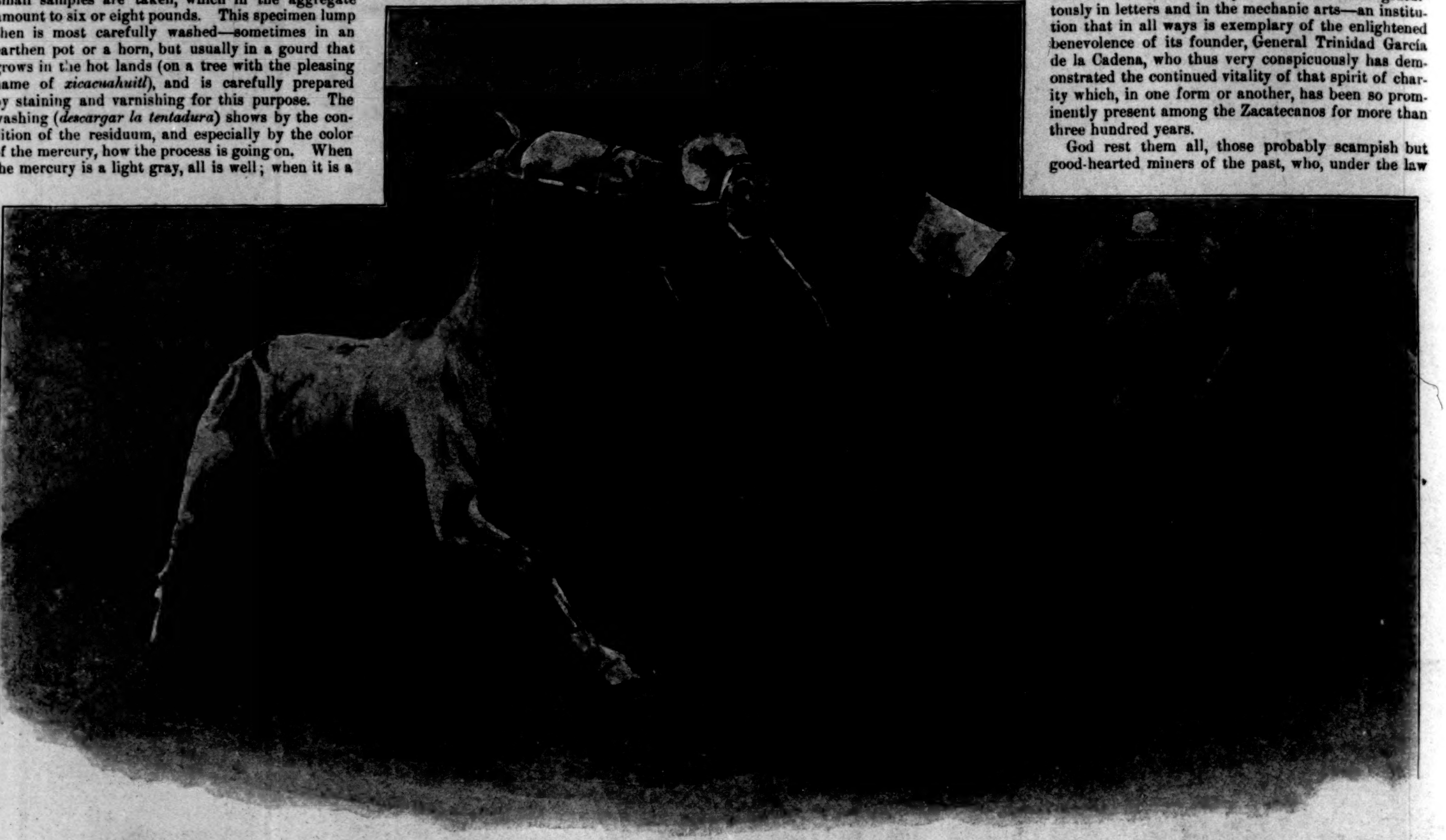
A preliminary *repasa*, or trampling of the *torta* by mules, is made, in order to render the mass more nearly homogeneous; and then, by a rough test, the amount of silver in it is ascertained approximately, in order to serve as a guide for its treatment. Throughout the entire process the part taken in it by the mules is the same. They are fastened together by their halters in teams of three, and from each team a line extends to a man, who stands in the middle of the *torta* and directs their movements around him, so that every part of the mass may be well trodden—a necessary matter, that is further attended to by men who shovel up the mud from the bottom to the top of the *torta*, and throw it out from the centre and in from the sides. Both men and mules thrive at this hard work, although the latter suffer loss of sight from being blindfolded, and occasionally are the prey to dreadful stomach aches, which result from licking up chemical substances, too strong for even a mule to trifle with, along with the salt that is added to the ore.

Chloride of sodium in the form of marine salt is the first addition to the *torta*; and after a *repasa* of two days, sulphate of copper, usually in the form of magistral, is added. When this also has been well worked in, the *torta* is ready to receive its first instalment of mercury. Altogether, the amount of mercury introduced into the mass is six times the weight of silver as developed by the preliminary test. The first application is called the *incorporo*, the second the *ceba*, and the third the *baño*—this last but a little preceding the process of washing. Being placed in a goatskin bag, the mercury is forced by pressure through the pores of the leather, so that it falls evenly on the surface of the *torta* in a fine rain.

With the addition of the mercury the critical period of the pro-



MEXICAN MINERS AT WORK—DRILLING.



THE REPASA OF THE TORTA

cess begins, and to bring it to a successful conclusion requires much practice and care. Because mercury, called by the miners *azogue*, is the chief factor in the work, the director of the *patio* is styled the *azoguero*. This functionary makes frequent tests (*tentaduras*) of the *torta* as the amalgamation goes on. His methods are primitive, but if he knows his business he usually arrives at satisfactory results. From various parts of the mass small samples are taken, which in the aggregate amount to six or eight pounds. This specimen lump then is most carefully washed—sometimes in an earthen pot or a horn, but usually in a gourd that grows in the hot lands (on a tree with the pleasing name of *zicacuahuitl*), and is carefully prepared by staining and varnishing for this purpose. The washing (*descargar la tentadura*) shows by the condition of the residuum, and especially by the color of the mercury, how the process is going on. When the mercury is a light gray, all is well; when it is a dark gray, the process is too fast, and the *torta* is said to be hot; when it is brown, the process is too slow, and the *torta* is said to be cold. To a hot *torta* precipitate of copper (formerly lime or ashes were used) is added, and to a cold *torta* magistral is added. Both of these extreme conditions mar the result of the process, in that they lessen the product of silver, and both reflect anything but credit upon the *azoguero* whose combination has gone wrong. At the end of fifteen, twenty, or thirty days—according to the season of the year and the nature of the ore—a dry amalgam begins to form, and then the second application of mercury is made. This usually requires the continuance of another *repasa* through ten days more, in order to become amalgamated. The last application then is made, and if this does not dry entirely, it is a proof that the process is complete; while if it does dry, still another application must be made. The decision that the *azoguero* is called upon to make as to the completeness or incompleteness of the process is a very serious one, for a mistake at this point must result in a considerable loss of silver. It follows that the most important improvement in the patio process is that already alluded to, of Señor Contreras, by which the proper time for stopping is determined by a simple chemical test.

The treatment of ores differs in the different mining regions. Thus at Zacatecas, where metallic sulphurets abound, more magistral is used; and the ordinary condition of the *torta*, as shown by the color of the mercury, is such that an *azoguero* of Guanajuato would be very uneasy indeed. At Zacatecas, moreover, the frequent severe cold of winter, due to the great altitude, tends to make the *tortas* heat, although the amalgamation really may be going slowly.

When the *azoguero* declares that the *torta* has given up all the silver that the mercury can take from it (*la torta ha rendido*), the washing follows. This is done in large tubs of masonry (*lavaderos*), in which beams carrying rakes are made to revolve by mule-power. Being washed, the amalgam is placed in shallow receptacles of sail-cloth, through which the mercury drains until the proportion remaining with the silver is about six to one. The amalgam is then moulded into triangular sections, called *marquetas*, from which, by a crude process of distillation, the remainder of the mercury is expelled. The final process consists of melting the silver into ingots of a fixed size.

The most serious objection, almost the only objection, that can be urged against the patio process is the great loss of mercury that it involves. This loss never is less than the weight of the silver treated, and frequently rises to twenty ounces of mercury to the pound of silver gained—ratios which, as old records show, are to-day just about what they were three hundred years ago. Yet even with this serious defect it is doubtful if Mexican ores could be treated by much more scientific methods with as good practical results.

Sonneschmid, in his classical *Tratado de la Amalgamacion de Nueva España*, wrote in effect: "The process known as *beneficio por patio* has lasted for almost two and a half centuries, and will only end with the end of the world. This assertion, which at first sight may seem overbold, is not so. Chemical methods, already excellent, no doubt will improve; but no method is likely to be devised that, though more desirable and accurate in theory, will be more economical. Its greatest advantage is its positively small cost. A cheaper method of treating ores has not been invented. It may be used anywhere. It does not require any considerable amount of water, nor skilled workmen, nor complicated machinery, nor utensils or instruments which cannot be anywhere easily made. Its defects are that (owing to the greater loss of mercury) its cost increases in proportion to the increase of the richness of the ore; it does not extract absolutely all the silver; it is slow—though, as the several processes are continuous, the slowness is more apparent than real." This emphatic praise of the patio process, delivered by a German mining engineer who went to Mexico expressly for the purpose of introducing into that country more scientific methods of treating silver ore, rests now upon the same substantial grounds that it did when it was first uttered more than one hundred years ago.

VI.

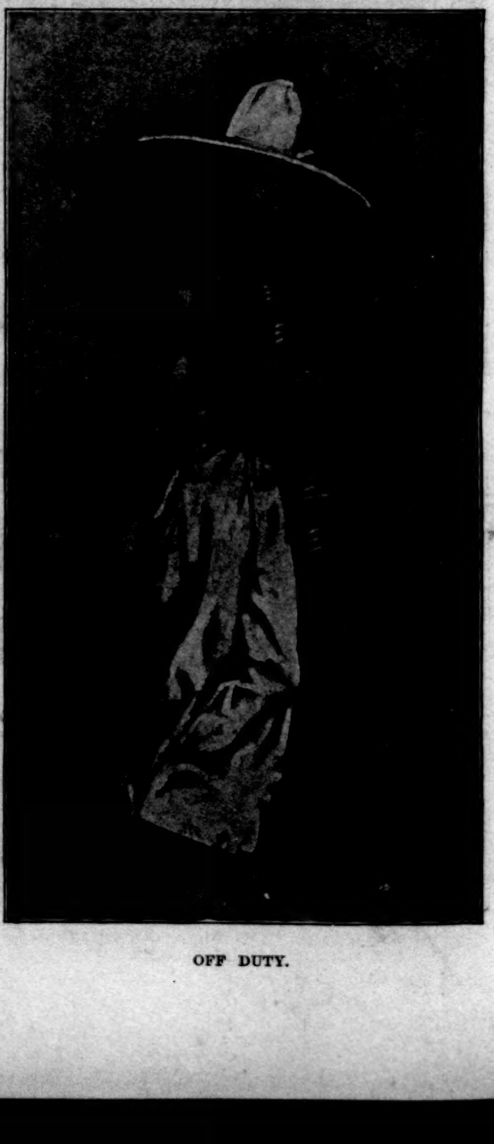
When it is considered that most of the men whose names are notable in the annals of Zacatecas were raised suddenly from poverty to great wealth, and that many thus enriched were of humble origin, it is perceived that there are substantial qualities in the Spanish strain. The grave dignity and serious self-respect which characterize the Spaniards of Spain, and by them have been transmitted to their descendants in Mexico, enable them to meet steadfastly both good and ill fortune, and especially serve to check the outbursts of folly which break forth in men of weaker blood when great riches suddenly come to them.

After their lights, these mining princes of the past tried to make a good use of the wealth that, as they believed, God gave them. No doubt, for the most part, they were anything but saints; but they certainly—from the time of the free dinner-giving Don Cristóbal de Oñate downward—manifested to a somewhat extraordinary degree the saint-like quality of giving most liberally of their substance in charity and for good works. Don Joseph de Rivera Bernardez, Conde de Santiago de la Laguna, tells at great length of the good deeds of his fellow-townsmen in his delightfully quaint *Brief Description of the Very Noble and Loyal City of Zacatecas*—a work, published in the year 1732, that throws many curious and interesting side lights upon the manners and customs of the times. Thus he tells that six rich men of Zacatecas, of whom his own father was one, were accustomed, each once a week upon a fixed day, to give alms in the doorways of their several houses to five hundred of the poor of the town; and he adds that he himself, under the directions of his father's will, continues this benevolent practice. He tells, too, of the General Don Agustin de Zavala, who gave great sums in charity, and who built at his own cost the convent of San Agustin; of the General Don Bartholomé Bravo de Acuña, who built the convent and church of Santo Domingo; of the Maestro de Campo Don Vicente Saldivar Mendoza, who built the college of the Company of Jesus; of his own father again, who gave $55,000 for the building of the chapel of Nuestra Señora de los Zacatecas; and of Don Manuel Correa, who gave $25,000 for the building of the cloister and stairway of the convent of San Agustin—concerning which liberal gift he adds naïvely: "Of this $25,000 Don Manuel gained $18,000 in one single night at cards!" And so his record continues for page after page.

But most liberal of all these givers was Don Ignacio de Bernardez, who gave no less than $500,000 for the building of the church and convent of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. Oddly enough, the gossiping Conde, while referring with pride to this princely benefaction, does not tell of the miracle that discovered to Bernardez the mine of La Cautera, out of which his great riches came. The miracle happened in this wise: Bernardez, being then a poor and unsuccessful miner, dreamed one night that a monk came to him as he was at work upon his barren mine, and asked him for alms. And in his dream he answered to the monk that he had no money, and therefore could not give alms. Then the monk showed him a certain place and bade him dig there, assuring him that there would he find a rich vein. And he was filled with happiness. But when he awoke his happiness left him, as he said to himself, "It is but a dream!" Then he arose and went to his labor in his mine; and presently, while he worked in that barren place, there came to him, as he perceived with wonder, the self-same monk who in his dream had appeared to him, and asked alms of him for the building of the church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, and this monk was none other than the exemplary Fray Antonio Margil de Jesus, who at that time had the building of that church in hand. And Bernardez answered to him, even as he had answered in his dream, that he had no money, and therefore could not give alms. Then did Fray Antonio (being advised thereof, no doubt, by the angels) show to Bernardez a certain place where he should dig. And Bernardez did dig there, and so opened the mine of La Cautera, the fame of which, by reason of its inestimable riches, has gone abroad through all the world. So it came to pass that in gratitude to Heaven for the wealth thus given him, Bernardez gave all the money that the building of that church and convent required.

It was in the very church that the pious Bernardez thus built as a thank-offering that this story was told to me, and the teller of it was a gentle old Franciscan who had been cloistered in the convent thereto pertaining before this and all the other convents in Mexico came to an end under stress of the Laws of the Reform. In the convent thus compulsorily vacated now is housed the Orfanatorio de Guadalupe (founded January 13, 1875), wherein one thousand orphans are educated gratuitously in letters and in the mechanic arts—an institution that in all ways is exemplary of the enlightened benevolence of its founder, General Trinidad García de la Cadena, who thus very conspicuously has demonstrated the continued vitality of that spirit of charity which, in one form or another, has been so prominently present among the Zacatecanos for more than three hundred years.

God rest them all, those probably scampish but good-hearted miners of the past, who, under the law of the land, gave the fifth of their treasure to the king, and who very willingly gave, in the best ways open to them, much more than a fifth of their treasure in thank-offerings to God! It is the fashion nowadays to decry the sentiments and customs of their race and times; to condemn such vast benefactions to the Church; to ridicule the simplicity of heart and faith out of which those benefactions sprung. But even a political economist, thinking only of the good of the state, might, on mature consideration, arrive at the conclusion that a silver king engaged in building churches at least is doing the community in which he lives no great amount of harm. But this is not the conclusion that a political economist, still less a moralist, would arrive at in regard to a silver king engaged in buying up a State Legislature as a preliminary to joining "the most agreeable club in the world."



OFF DUTY.

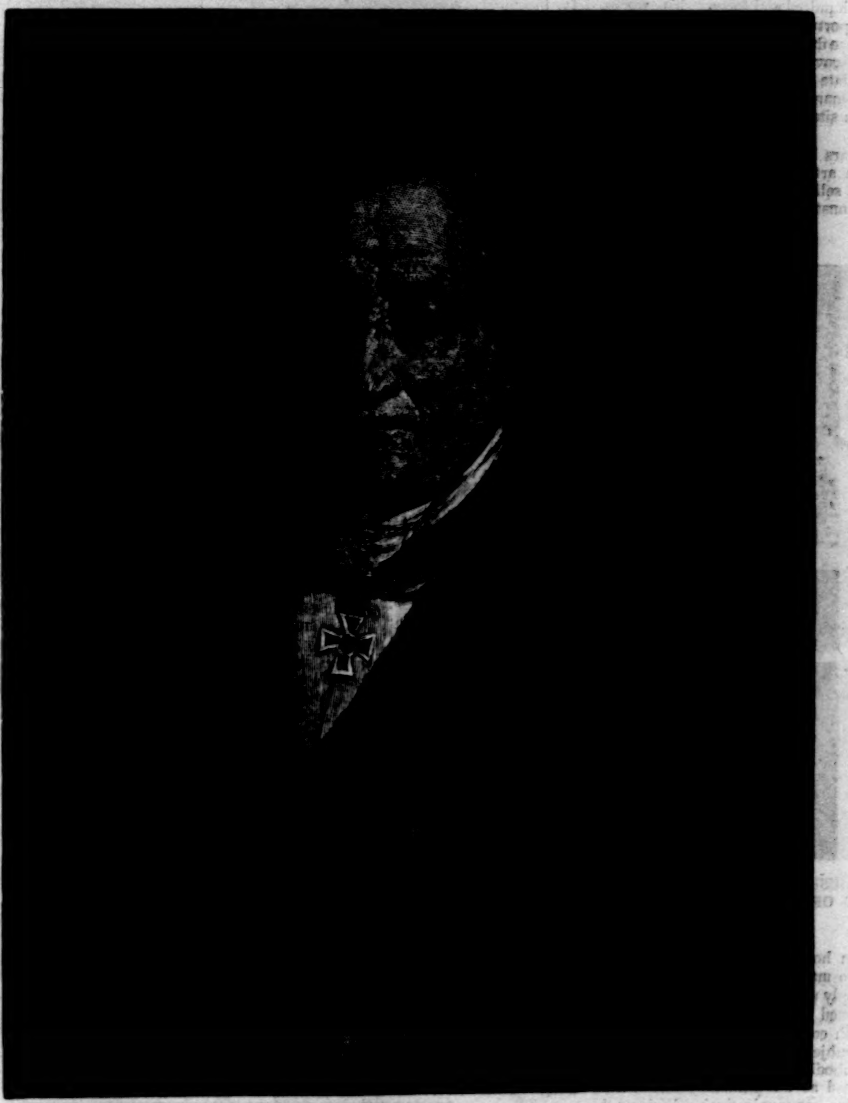
HOMES OF THE GERMAN POETS.

BY PROFESSOR W. T. HEWETT, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

I.—WEIMAR.

THURINGIA is one of those German lands which are invested with a peculiar charm. It was the country of stout knights and stout reformers, of minnesingers, of St. Elizabeth, and of Tannhäuser—a land of dark wooded mountain ranges, of narrow valleys, and irregular hills, now rising in isolated peaks and now in great swelling ridges. It is the Swabia of the North, and its people are gay and poetic. It is a country apart, and "gates" at the east and west admit to its proud domains. Its chroniclers tell us that one of its nobles, a Count of Mansfeld, once made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and as he journeyed through the Holy Land he was asked how the Promised Land pleased him. He answered: "Alack for your Promised Land! I prefer my own Thuringia." When Henry the Illustrious, with his fair bride, Sophie of Brabant, fought to obtain possession of this little country, he at last despaired of conquering it, and cried to his councillors, "Is this land worth such a struggle?" He was answered proudly, "Thuringia is noble and wealthy; it is so desirable that if your Grace had one foot in heaven and the other in Thuringia, you would withdraw the former in order to retain Thuringia." Its inhabitants believe fondly that whole realms cannot compare in worth and beauty with its mountains crowned with castles, its golden ridges, and its vineyards.

Just beyond the northern slope of its mountains is a line of cities, each of which has played a prominent part in the political and religious struggles of Germany. Eisenach lies to the west, with the Wartburg rising above it, with its legends of chivalry and saintly piety; Gotha follows with its lofty castle and vast libraries; then Erfurt, once illustrious for its university and memories of Luther and that archmagician Dr. Faust. Weimar closes the list to the east, though smaller towns bear names around which many brilliant deeds cluster.



GOETHE, AGED SEVENTY-THREE.—From an Oil-Painting by Kolbe, in the Goethe National Museum, 1822.

A century ago the intellectual centre of Germany did not, as now, coincide with the political; but Weimar, a little city on the Thuringian Ilm, attracted the gaze of the civilized world. It held royal sway over the minds of men, and for more than fifty years retained its pre-eminence. There is scarcely a scholar of this period, save perhaps Lessing, who did not come into direct contact with the Weimar circle. Goethe and Schiller, Wieland and Herder, were the magnates, but many others found a home there who have exercised an influence upon German literature and science—Kotzebue, diplomat and playwright; Musæus, gleaning his folk-lore from the garrulous inmates of the hospital; and Bode and Bertuch and Böttiger. The Humboldts often visited in Weimar, and the philosophers from the University of Jena—Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling—formed a part of the life of the capital. A century ago the city presented an embattled mediæval aspect; portions of the walls remained, the round towers of which even to-day suggest the time when every town was a circular fortress with gates and moats and bridges. Weimar lies in the valley of the Ilm, which comes down clear and cold from its home in the Thuringian mountains; low lines of hills rise in slow ascent from the river, and shady avenues, bordered with pleasant villas, stretch away to the castles on the surrounding hills.

The ever-present charm of Weimar is the park lying upon both sides of the river, and extending almost to the heart of the city. It may be regarded as the creation of Goethe, and an expression of his deep and passionate love of nature; for when he arrived in Weimar it did not exist, but smooth green meadows occupied the present site. Under his superintendence it arose, and rare trees were brought from England to adorn it. At the entrance stands the palace, separated from the park by the river, across which is a bridge leading to the "Star," the centre of the park, from which noble avenues and walks radiate, leading into secluded depths, or opening upon warm sunny meadows. The Ilm winds in solitude and darkness under the overhanging trees, and then suddenly appears so that the light shines upon the waters which have "borne along many an immortal song." Upon the level plateau which forms a part of the park was once the famous Italian garden, where court balls were held, and fine ladies danced among the flowers in the moonlight. The park does not lack some of the artificial features which characterized the taste of the last century. Several buildings represent its different directions. The "Roman house" marks the classical tendency; it is a temple-like structure, whose west front looks out upon a lovely lawn, while its east front touches the forest. The interior is simple, adorned with classical frescos and statues. Here the rulers of this country have often found a quiet retreat in summer; official business has been transacted, and court festivities held. Chivalry is represented by the house of the Knights Templars, which is embowered in ivy and woodbine, and presents the appearance of a Gothic abbey hidden in the trees. Paganism has its altar surrounded by a serpent consuming a votive offering, and dedicated to the genius of the place. There are grottos and piles of mossy ruins scattered in the depths of the wood. Rustic seats at favorite points give charming views of the river, a sunlit glade, or the encircling hills.

Upon the border of the park stands Goethe's "Garden-house," the poet's home for the first six years after his arrival in Weimar, and his favorite resort in summer, where for more than fifty years he retired to enjoy the restfulness and charm of nature. It is a small two-story building enclosed by a high hedge, with a line of hills rising abruptly in the rear. The house belonged previously to Bertuch, the famous Spanish scholar. Goethe was restless for a time after his arrival in Weimar, even with his rank and the friendship of the Duke. He had no home of his own, and once expressed to Carl August his wish for a house like that of Bertuch. "That is easily enough arranged," said the absolute young ruler, and went to the owner, saying, "I must have your house for Goethe, otherwise we cannot keep him among us." The obedient courtier and scholar complied, receiving his reward elsewhere. The house stood for many years unoccupied and unchanged, the property of the poet's grandsons. The roses which the poet brought from Italy still climb and bloom on the trellises along the front. Many of the trees were set out by Goethe himself, for he loved to work, with nature to respond to his efforts. The mosaic floor of stones behind the house is a reminiscence of Italy. He here spent days and weeks in silence, free from interruption, and removed from the cares of official station and the petty etiquette and social duties of the court. He loved to work in solitude, and these were his most productive moments. Even the little bridge across the Ilm was barred to prevent access to him, and Wieland complained that no one could reach Goethe without using a pick and bar. In the wild days of his early residence in Weimar, Goethe bathed at midnight in the Ilm, and slept on the terrace before his house, under the open sky, often in storms, and awoke with the morning sun. Shaded and gravelled walks lead along the hill-side to seats under great branching trees. Above is the spot which he consecrated to his love for the Frau Von Stein. In a soft tufa cliff a tablet is placed, with the lines beginning, "Here in silence a lover mused of the one he loved," and which has remained long after the friendship which it commemorated was at an end.

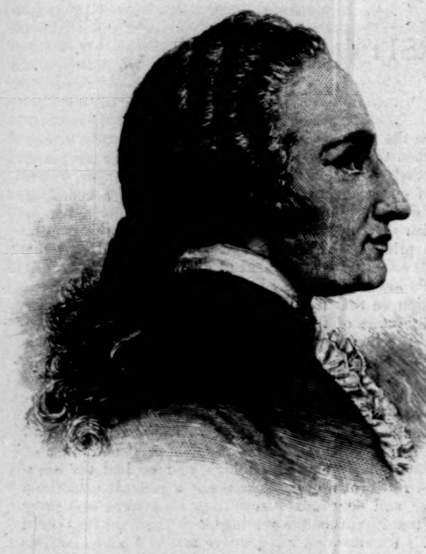
In the small chamber facing the north, Goethe wrote and studied. It looks out over sunny spaces in the park, the winding Ilm, and up to the height crowned with the forest and castle of Belvedere. In this room many of his most delightful lyrics were written, and parts of *Iphigenie* and many lesser plays.

Across the park on the opposite hill-side, now hidden among the trees, is the bark cottage or "cloister," which was occupied often for weeks at a time by the Duke Carl August. Here he lived, within sight of his palace, but separated from courtiers, that free, defiant life of which men were so proud in those days of newly discovered and exultant liberty. Here, in the wild exercise of freedom, the independent but wise young ruler received his ministers and favored friends, discussed questions of state often when the political relations of his land were most complicated, or talked of literature and art with Goethe, to whom he could signal across the park. The Duchess Louise, in whose honor this little cottage was built, was here welcomed by Goethe at the head of a procession of Carmelite monks, all clad in white robes, to the cloister of their order.

Goethe's city house, which he received as a present from his prince, and occupied for more than fifty years, is still standing on the square which bears his name. It is a large structure with a plain exterior, but which may have once seemed stately and magnificent. The doorsteps are rounded by the steps of many feet. Kings, poets, artists, and scholars have entered here to pay homage to genius to which all must bow. Walther von Goethe, the last surviving grandson of the poet, bequeathed the house and the scientific and art collections to the government of the Grand Duchy, but the manuscripts and diaries of his grandfather he gave to the Grand Duchess Sophie. Her Royal Highness received the rich legacy of the records of the poet's life as the highest trust, and as one in which the whole world had an interest. She summoned at once the foremost Goethe scholars of Germany to her aid, and assumed the preparation and publication of a standard edition of Goethe's works based on the original manuscripts, which were found of surprising fulness and value; also of a complete edition of his diary and letters, and a life of the poet derived from materials which were now first accessible. Through the munificence of this princess the Goethe house was restored, and the systematic and scientific arrangement of all its treasures was undertaken. She has added rare editions, manuscripts, and letters to this collection, so that it might become, not only the centre of study of the literature of the Weimar circle, but of the literature of the time. The house was occupied until recently by the two grandsons of the poet, Walther and Wolfgang von Goethe. The elder, Walther, early exhibited a fine musical taste; he was the playfellow of the young Mendelssohn, and later, his pupil in Leipzig. Several of his compositions have been published. He was a slight, delicately formed man, with a courteous but timid manner, and with a face which suggested in many particulars that of his grandfather; his forehead was high, and he had the same dark skin and full brown eyes. There was a peculiar gentleness in his manner, and occasionally something so concise and pithy in his speech that it recalled the apothegms in which the poet loved to indulge; his conversation was pensive and in a minor key, as though he had lived too long and too constantly among the memories of the past. He retained a warm interest in the increasing study of the writings of his grandfather. He remembered well the visit of Mr. Charles T. Brooks to Weimar, but was not acquainted with his admirable translation of "Faust." He spoke also with interest of Mr. Bayard Taylor's enthusiasm for Goethe. His favorite pictures of his grandfather were the engraving by Oeser of the young Goethe, the Trippel bust, and the painting by Stieler.

Wolfgang von Goethe was long in the Prussian diplomatic service, and was at one time stationed in Rome, where his father died. He published stories and poems and a very creditable study of the life of the learned Cardinal Bessarion. The brothers possessed the rank of Chamberlain at the Grand Ducal court. They retained all the possessions of the poet in Weimar, which they guarded with a beautiful reverence. During the life of Goethe's secretary, Schuchardt, visitors were admitted to that part of the house which contains the collections, but for many years it was closed to the public, or opened only on some anniversary occasion. Those who feel that no spot on earth should be sacred from curiosity and intrusion have often complained because they were excluded from a private residence. Walther von Goethe explained to me the reason of this action by saying, "The public forget that he was our grandfather as well as a poet." As he conducted us about the apartments, and recalled scenes in his grandfather's life, he was deeply moved; every spot seemed associated with memories that were sacred to him, and when we went into the study and the room in which the poet died, he was unable to accompany us. The Goethe house has now become the Goethe National Museum. It has now been restored to the condition in which it was during the poet's life. As you enter the main hall a broad low staircase, a reminiscence of Italy, leads with its convenient landings to the second story, to the rooms which Goethe once occupied. A bronze greyhound, from an antique original, stands in a niche upon the first landing.

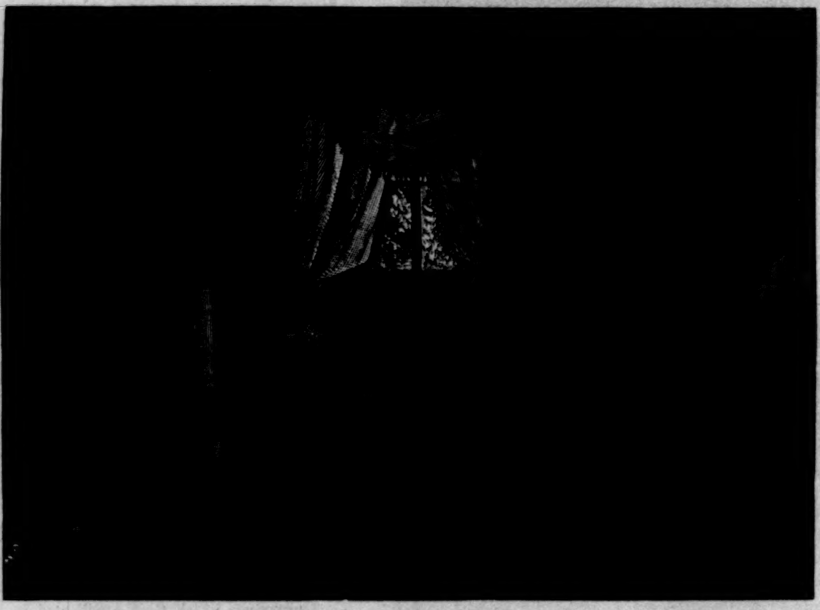
The large suite of rooms on the second floor facing the street were the former reception-rooms; they are now filled with casts and engravings which Goethe collected in the course of his long life. Many of these casts are familiar enough now, but at that time they were obtained in Rome with difficulty and at considerable expense, and their appearance in Germany was to many a new revelation of the wonders of ancient art. Every line was to Goethe a suggestion of hitherto unknown beauty, and incited him to a profound study of the principles of art. His letters contain constant reference to these works. He delighted to gather his friends around a portfolio of engravings from the paintings of the masters, and discourse upon the special merit and charm of each—the drawing, the light and shade, and the subtle underlying truth of each representation. These engravings are very numerous and valuable, and are contained in large portfolios in cases. Around the principal rooms are Meyer's frescos of classical scenes, and numerous portraits of members of Goethe's family and friends. There are also numerous ancient statuettes, lamps, and marbles. The collection of faience includes a number of pieces, many of which are not surpassed in any museum of Europe. Goethe's fresh interest in everything connected with the history of art is illustrated by his enthusiasm for this branch of art. It is no small testimony to his keenness of insight, that when the worth of these treasures was not appreciated, he recognized their importance and value. Walther von Goethe described his childish wonder and delight when these beautiful objects were first received. There are 1600 medals arranged in cases to illustrate the history of the different countries of Europe. Some of these medals are almost unique. Such as that cast to commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, on which the French King is represented standing on the skulls of the murdered Huguenots. There is also the medal to faith and religion, struck by order of the pope to commemorate the same event. The antique bronzes present many choice specimens. In addition to about nine hundred drawings and paintings by Goethe himself, there are many original drawings by artists of the Dutch, Flemish, and Italian schools, by Rembrandt, Rubens, and Guereino, and by the German artists with whom Goethe was associated in Rome. Goethe had a passion for accumulating pictures of his friends. These were the memorials which he valued most. Crabb Robinson states that a single Wei-



GOETHE AS A STUDENT, AGED NINETEEN.—From an Engraving by Oeser, 1768.—By Permission of the Publisher of Goethe in Strassburg.

mar artist, Schmeller, had painted more than three hundred portraits of Goethe's friends. Of these about one hundred and forty-six in water-colors still remain, among them portraits of many members of the English colony of Weimar in those days. Goethe's wide interest in art is shown by the recent discovery of several very interesting stained-glass windows, which date from the earliest period of the art, and came from early Romanesque churches in Thuringia, some of which were founded on sites where Boniface preached.

There are memories everywhere of those years in Italy which so quickened his intellectual life, when Italian art inspired and charmed him, but could not make him lose his self-direction and abandon the purpose of his life, which was constantly growing clearer to himself. His art studies gave him hopes of accomplishment in this field, but he soon saw, what so many fail to see, that an enthusiasm for art does not always imply artistic ability; that the facility in drawing which he had attained led to nothing, save as there was something within him which could obtain expression only through art; that if he sought subjects laboriously without an impulse from within demanding embodiment, painting was a useless pastime. Art, when not pursued as an ultimate object, had something to him instructive, positive, communicative; art helped his poetry, he said. "Now," he wrote from Italy, "I see how one can study a whole lifetime, and at its end exclaim, 'I have never truly seen or enjoyed until now.'"



GOETHE'S STUDY IN THE GARDEN-HOUSE IN THE PARK, WEIMAR—HERE HE WROTE A PART OF "IPHIGENIE."

If the art studies of the poet are illustrated in these rooms, the scientific direction of his mind was shown by the approach to his study. Large cases of minerals stand in the vestibule, most of which bear labels in Goethe's writing. The value of all these collections is very great. There are possibly ten thousand geological and mineralogical specimens. The specimens from Italy and Sicily are very numerous, including a great variety of volcanic products. There are many ores and deposits from the bathing-places which Goethe visited, especially from Bohemia, which show that when seeking strength his restless mind was constantly busied with new observations and fresh acquisitions. The collection of Italian marbles is very extensive and beautiful. The collection of skulls and bones for his studies in comparative anatomy is large. Whatever discoveries the poet made in these branches of science were not the result of accident, but of careful study and comparison of forms. Two pavilions in the garden contain the collections in geology where Goethe was accustomed to work. They recall the busy years which he spent in seeking to develop the mines of the duchy and in studying its geological formation. Great albums of sketches and portfolios of flowers remain to show how extensive were his studies and investigations in physical science.

Goethe's study has been preserved in its original condition just as when the poet was borne away from it. It is a spacious room with an uncarpeted floor and a plain low ceiling showing the dark rough beams. Two windows look out upon the large garden with its bright flowers, its walks, and shaded seats beneath fine old trees. Before the erection of the high enclosing wall, the lovely park and the Ilm were visible from it. In this secluded spot Goethe loved to walk, and here he was found after Schiller's death, with tears in his eyes, saying, "Fate is implacable, man is little, Schiller is dead." In the sunlight the study is cheerful in spite of its low walls and plain desks and tables; although in the second story, it is raised but a few feet above the ground.

The room recalls most vividly and impressively the personality of the poet; in the centre is an oaken desk with his chair before it, where he sat when weary of dictating to his secretary as he walked the floor. The cushion upon which he rested his arms is still upon it. No less than eight desks of various sizes stand along the walls; over one hangs the calendar for the year of his death, 1832, and strung upon a thread are the cards of his last visitors, an English lady of rank and her daughters; upon another are the disks used in making his investigations in the theory of colors; on another, a plate of earth and vials with chemicals which he employed in making his last experiments. A little open box contains bones which he used in making the celebrated discovery of the existence of an intermaxillary bone in man. His books stood in a long line upon the top of one desk; among them were the last edition of his works, left incomplete at the fortieth volume; his correspondence with Schiller; books of travel; and works of Cuvier, Buckland, and others upon natural history, the study of which rose with him from a recreation to become an absorbing passion. There are several medallions, prints, and statuettes of Napoleon in the room, Goethe's admiration for whom has been a subject of such bitter discussion; one medallion has become historic by falling from the wall without any apparent cause during the fatal battle of Leipzig. Only Goethe's most trusted friends were admitted to this room—Schiller, the Grand Duke Carl August, and a few others. Opening from the study is a small cabinet, extremely simple, containing a bedstead of plain wood; a strip of coarse carpeting forms a rough wainscoting around two sides of the room; upon the wall are charts of geological formations and of Latin literature; a large arm-chair, in which the poet died after talking brightly of the approaching spring-time, stands beside the bed. How vividly the activities of his life were shown in his unconscious dying acts—drawing with his finger at first high in the air and then lower as his strength failed, asking for portfolios of engravings, seeing beautiful forms, repeatedly signing his name, and then with the gathering darkness uttering his last request for "more light!" He had often asked what day it was. It was a day which he remembered with pain—the anniversary of the death of his friend the Minister Voigt, and of the burning of the Weimar theatre. There is a pathos in the remembrance of Goethe's last days; the friends of his youth were nearly all gone, and yet in silence and alone he toiled on, carrying to completion his "Faust," the great work which had occupied so much of his life, still studying, still investigating; the early wave of foreign enthusiasm for his genius had reached him, and his greatness among his countrymen was fully established. Men came to Weimar and walked before his house to catch a glimpse of his face at the window. He was secure at last in his fame, and raised beyond envy and rivalry.

In addition to the art treasures in the house, there was found a store, whose wealth is even yet but partially known, of diaries, original manuscripts, and letters, the value of which to the literary history of Germany cannot be overestimated. Much has been published since Goethe's death; much still remains that is necessary to us in forming a complete estimate of the poet. He was accustomed to preserve not only all his occasional letters, but notes, invitations, and even his hotel accounts. In the collection of casts there are numerous busts of his friends, of Herder, Schiller, Jacobi, Voss, Wolf, Letter, Sterne, and Byron.

GOETHE'S WALK IN JENA, WITH KERNBERG IN THE DISTANCE.

We have incomplete records of the charming and varied intercourse that has taken place within this house in the letters of the time: to how many evenings of brilliant conversation and of lofty discourse could its walls bear witness! Those were rare occasions when a few friends assembled here or in the Schiller house to listen to a new play or poem fresh from the author's soul—to the reading of "William Tell," of "Wallenstein," of "Mahomet," or the "Bride of Messina," when several Saxon princes were present, who were so proud of their great poet. Here the players from the Grand Ducal theatre often gathered to hear the author read his play, and to have the parts of each assigned, explained, and emphasized. Everything that Goethe did was characteristic; his knowledge of the details of dramatic representation may at times have been imperfect, but even then the suggestiveness of his criticisms always led to a clearer comprehension of the requirements of art. All men found him instructive; the painters and sculptors who gathered about him in Rome found his views broadening and quickening; scientific men welcomed his companionship, and attained a deeper insight into nature from his words. His study of natural phenomena was patient and continuous, even if incomplete when judged by modern means and methods.

The Duchess Amalia was the centre of the intellectual life in Weimar at this time. It was she who gathered the ablest men about her, called Wieland and Knebel to be the tutors of her sons, and gave the first glory to the little duchy. Goethe came at the personal request of Carl August soon after he assumed the government. Herder was called at Goethe's suggestion, and Schiller received his appointment in the University of Jena, as did many of the ablest professors, through Goethe's watchful oversight. It is not easy to form an opinion of this wise, pleasure-loving duchess. She was intellectual, charming in her friendships, strong of will, and her land never had a ruler who watched more closely over every detail of official business. Her face was striking, especially in later life, when some eyes grow so brilliant that the rest of the face is lost in them. Her eyes were like those of her uncle, Frederick the Great, which flashed so terribly on the field of battle.

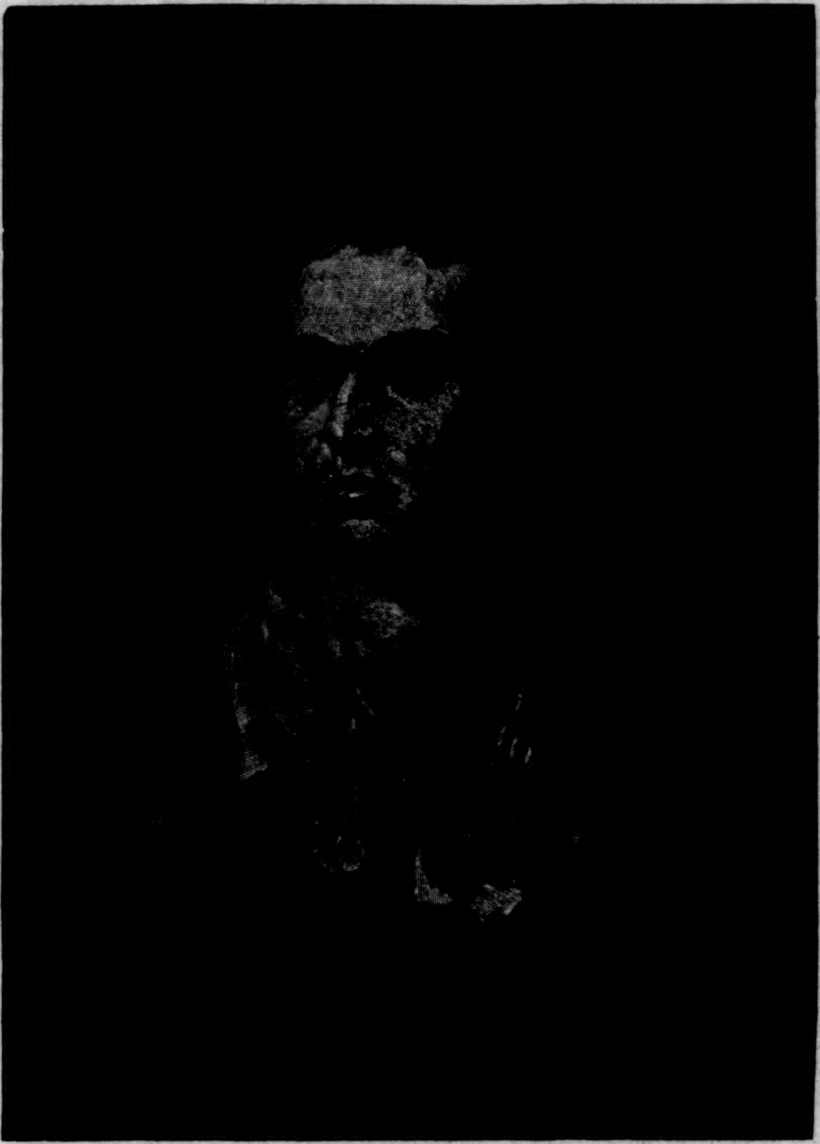
In the merry days at Weimar, when balls, masquerades, plays, concerts, skating parties, and evening literary clubs followed each other in rapid succession, the three castles in the vicinity played a prominent part. Gay excursion parties rode away over the hills to spend a night in the performance of a new drama by Goethe or Schiller, or some other of the coterie of court favorites

GOETHE'S SLEEPING-ROOM, WITH THE CHAIR IN WHICH HE DIED.

and authors. It may have been an extemporized farce or a poetic drama, like the *Fischerin*, which was performed in the castle park at Tiefurt, where the wood and the river formed natural scenes, and fishermen rocked in their boats by the light of the torches and a blazing fire on the shore, which lit up the gloom, while lanterns suspended in the trees gave a bright glow to the dark stream.

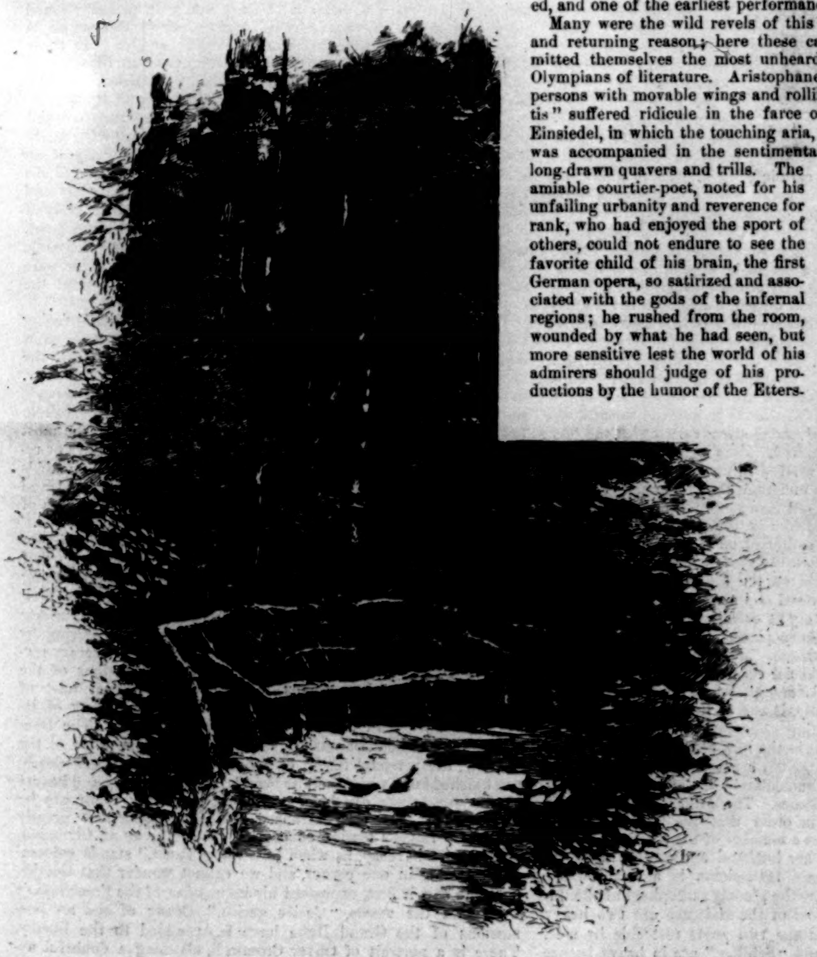
Here in the autumn a harvest festival of happy reapers was held, when the park was illuminated, the villagers gathered upon the lawn with dance and feasting. A moss cottage once stood near the banks of the river, in which plays were performed. The little castle, which was a favorite residence of the Duchess Amalia, is full of reminiscences of those days. Its small low rooms are like cells; the walls are covered with pictures of the various members of that circle who participated in what is called the "merry time in Weimar." Drawings and engravings recall the old frolics, the curious costumes, the caricatures and jests of those days. The park is charming, with its dark trees scattered over the greensward, while the Ilm steals around it beneath the shadow of the forest-covered hills. It owes its beauty to that famous maker of parks, the Prince Pückler-Muskau, who introduced the simple, natural features of the English parks into Germany, uniting nature with art, and displacing the stiff, artificial French type of the previous century.

A noble avenue of horse-chestnuts and lindens leads from the city along the park, and ascends to the conspicuous Belvedere Castle, which looks down over the villages in the valley of the Ilm and Weimar, and the broad Ettersburg range beyond. It is the summer residence of the Grand Duke when he does not prefer the historic Wartburg or his charming château in the Wilhelmsthal near Eisenach. It is pre-eminently a summer castle, and in style suggests a light Italian villa with fountains and gardens. The park contains an open-air theatre, preserved as it was originally employed in the days of amateur theatricals. It is but a short distance from the castle, and the approach to it is between trellises of roses. Its enclosed sides and slender *coulisses* are of trimmed beech. The stage is lifted above the orchestra, which is separated from the parquet by a leafy hedge. A grove of dark pine-trees forms the background; the entrances and exits and all the appointments were sufficient for an elaborate representation. In this theatre the Grand Duke Carl August, the Dowager Duchess, Goethe, Knebel, Musæus, Einsiedel, Seckendorf, the lovely Corona Schröter, and Fräulein Jagemann have performed. Statues of some of the actors of former times stand upon the stage. Ettersburg, however, the most remote of the three castles, was the true German Parnassus. The road thither climbs the long slope to the summit of the ridge which shuts in the valley of the Ilm to the north, then traverses low pine woods, and finally enters the splendid forest of beech which covers the opposite slope, descends and rises again to the castle. Only the towers are visible in the distance above the trees. This was a favorite hunting-seat of Carl August, and formerly a cloister. Beautiful grounds lie around the castle, and its cheerful rooms, rich in antique Flemish furniture, brought by the present Grand Duchess from her home in the Netherlands, give a sense of comfort which the homes of the great often lack. It is the summer residence of the present hereditary Grand Duke Carl August. The cozy room in the corner of the castle was once occupied by Schiller, and here he wrote the concluding act of *Mary Stuart*, while the earlier acts were already under rehearsal in Weimar. The theatre was in the present hall of armor, in one of the wings of the castle. Here Goethe often acted, and one of the earliest performances of *Iphigenie* took place.



SCHILLER.—From Photograph by F. Bruckmann, Munich and Berlin, of Painting by C. Jäger.

Many were the wild revels of this time of foam and sentiment and returning reason; here these careless pleasure-seekers permitted themselves the most unheard-of liberties with the great Olympians of literature. Aristophanes's *Birds* was represented by persons with movable wings and rolling eyes. Wieland's "Alcestis" suffered ridicule in the farce of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, by Einsiedel, in which the touching aria, "Weep not, my soul's idol," was accompanied in the sentimental parts by a post-horn with long-drawn quavers and trills. The amiable courtier-poet, noted for his unfailing urbanity and reverence for rank, who had enjoyed the sport of others, could not endure to see the favorite child of his brain, the first German opera, so satirized and associated with the gods of the infernal regions; he rushed from the room, wounded by what he had seen, but more sensitive lest the world of his admirers should judge of his productions by the humor of the Ettersburg jesters. Goethe ridiculed similarly his own works. Jacobi's novel *Waldemar* suffered a unique penalty. Goethe and his friends disliked the flippant egotism of Jacobi and the sensationalism of his novel. His book, after being duly read and condemned, was nailed by the cover to a tree, so that its leaves fluttered in the wind, while Goethe, hidden in the leafy summit, delivered a sonorous address upon the work, and pronounced the sentence of an extemporized court-martial, in accordance with which it was burned upon a funeral pile. The spot is marked by a beech-tree, in the bark of which are traces of the names of those who participated in this condemnation.

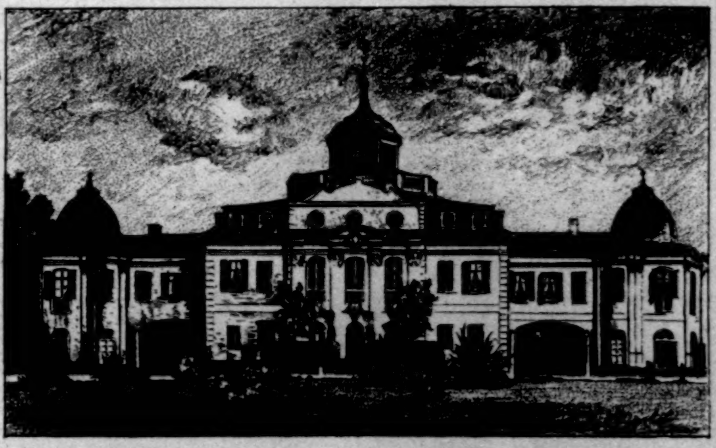


THE SCHILLER SEAT IN THE PARK.

The plays which were performed by this enthusiastic amateur troupe were not always light in character. Dramas which have now become classical were rendered after many weeks of preparation; this scenic interest contributed greatly to the growth of the dramatic art in Weimar. A degree of excellence in acting was attained, the principles upon which all theatrical representation is based were investigated, and the great poets in friendly rivalry were stimulated to their highest productiveness. The golden days of amateur theatricals followed the destruction by fire of the castle in Weimar, and the theatre which it contained. Later, permanent companies were engaged, the leading artists of which participated in the plays, shadow spectacles, and tableaux of the court. The early development of Weimar in music, the drama, and painting placed the city, in spite of its smallness and isolated character, upon an elevation which it has retained until the present time. The theatre, though small and plain externally, is admirable in its arrangement. The great depth of the stage, the numerous entrances, and the large collection of properties make it one of the most complete in its capacity of representation of any in Germany.

The present theatre is not that which existed during the most brilliant period of Weimar history, of which Goethe was the Intendant, and the oversight of which he laid down when his prince, influenced by a court cabal, insisted that a trained dog should perform on the stage dedicated to the classic drama. That building was destroyed in 1824. The seat which Goethe occupied in the present theatre is still pointed out. The great event of the year here in theatrical circles is the representation of both parts of "Faust," which occurs in the spring of every year, and which until recently had not been attempted successfully elsewhere in Germany. Otto Devrient, the former manager of the theatre, and a member of that noted family which has produced so many writers upon dramatic art and literature, as well as eminent actors, has made an admirable adaptation of "Faust" to the stage. The representation lasts nearly five hours each upon two successive evenings, and attracts visitors from all parts of Germany. The admirable capacity of the theatre is illustrated by the manner in which the play is put upon the boards. Three terraces are arranged upon the stage, upon which different parts of the play are performed; three different scenes may thus be before the eye at one time. This simple adaptation makes possible a variety of scenery and situation, facilitating the representation of the most diverse parts of the play.

Schlegel, when writing of the dramatic art, said, "Germany has two centres—Vienna, with an audience of fifty thousand, and Weimar, with an audience of fifty persons." The history of the artistic judgments which have been passed here shows how the recognition of merit by a few cultivated minds prepares the way for the more tardy recognition of the grand multitude. As we survey this period we are astonished to find that amid all the dissipation and pleasure-seeking there were so many germs of healthful criticism and sound thought. Herder was writing his glowing and hopeful views of education, and the history and future of humanity; Schiller, whose intimate connection with Weimar was somewhat later, was laboring arduously upon his historical works and the dramas which sprang from them; Wieland was occupied with criticism and poetry. Goethe's life at this time is too often judged by that of the circle in which he moved, and his literary activity forgotten. Viewed independently, apart from the labors of strenuous investigation and tireless observation, few lives can compare with his in sustained productiveness; but, in addition to this, he occupied the position of a minister, intrusted with the care of the most important interest of the duchy, the charge of the mines, of forests and highways, of the scientific institutions, the presidency of the Exchequer—a range of duties which he performed with the greatest assiduity. For many years the direction of the theatre, the selection and engagement of actors, and even personal attention to rehearsals, devolved upon him. His faithfulness in performing the duties of his position proves that his words in a letter to Kuchel were but a reflection of his own life: "It is one article of my faith that only by firmness and fidelity in our present situation do we become worthy and capable of the higher step of a subsequent position, whether it be here in time or there in eternity." And again he makes more stern his self-discipline with the words, "I have left defenceless the citadel of my soul too



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